

iron horse

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**SPECIAL ISSUE:
1986 CHOPPERSTARS!**

**BIG MIKE'S 106" MONSTER STROKER
PROWL THE WESTERN PAVEMENT**

**RICHIE URCHIN'S LATEST CLASSIC:
THE DREADED JAP KILLER!**

**TUCSON'S ALL-BEEF MEGATWINS:
ONE'S A MAX RAT: ONE'S A
WHOLE HOG**

**WILDMAN'S '77 SHOVEL TRIKE:
ALL FER THE LUV OF A DOBIE
(WITH HIS FUR IN THE BREEZE
'N BUGS IN HIS FANGS)**

**PLUS:
CANADIAN RAY'S '51 PAN
TRICKY'S '51 PAN-SHOV
BRENT'S '78 SHOVEL
TOY RUNS: THE
EAST/WEST CHALLENGE**

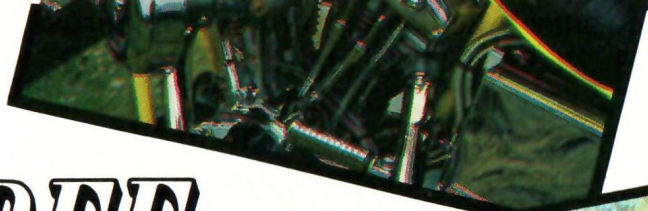
**COVERGIRL DANI RIDES CHOPS'
TRICKED-OUT SPORTY:
SAVOR THAT SADDLE, BRO!**



RUNNIN' FREE RENDEZVOUS!

**GET YER SHIT
TOGETHER
AND SEND
US YER
RAISIN-PIE
FLICKS**

**SAVE THE
GARBAGE
FER THE
OTHER RAGS**



A coupla times a year we pick out the best flicks our readers have sent us and print em up in a RUNNIN' FREE SPECIAL EDITION. We appreciate all the stuff ya send in, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. What we want is good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35 mm or 2 1/4 X 2 1/4)—nothin else.

Whether it's a bro an his ol lady puttin down the highway or the hellacious good times of a biker bash or the leg-wettin sight of a splittail splittin tail—we wanna look at em all. But only the best will do.

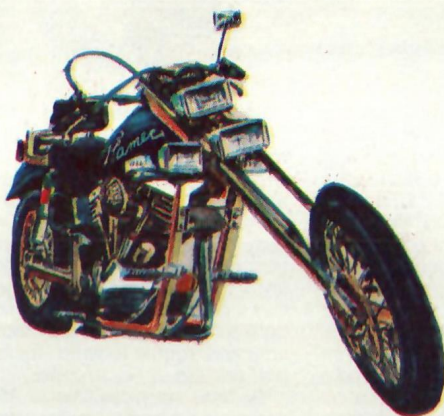
Be sure to write yer name and address on each print or slide you send. And oh, yeah—we now pay \$20 for each b&w we use and \$35 for the color stuff.

Send us yer best: IRON HORSE, RUNNIN' FREE SPECIAL EDITION, P.O. Box 2163, New York, NY 10116.

NOTE: All prints and slides must be individually identified with yer name and address. We'll try ta get yer stuff back to ya, but we don't guarantee nothin, so if ya want us to try, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with yer flicks.



**iron
horse**



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Back Talk

Please send your letters, complaints, praises or just raw cash to: Iron Horse, 300 West 43d Street, New York, NY 10036



Asshole Problems

□ I recently bought your October '85 issue, and I'd like to take this opportunity to reply to a letter from one "C.J." in "Whothefuck-everheardof-Wartburg, Tennessee anyway."

Normally, I don't do this, but after reading his peculiar brand of horse kaka, I found my "dickbreath tolerance level" had reached an all-time low.

Maybe it's cause they don't teach people to read in Wartburg, TN; is that it C.J.? How'd you manage to write such an idiotic letter, then? I sure can't speak for everybody, but I like the shit out of every issue that hits the stands. As of this writing, my ol lady's goin up the wall cause I've already read the October issue four or five times, and I can't wait for the next issue to come out. (Then it's even harder than Indian parts to find.)

If you had taken the time to check out the very same issue that the *Iron Horse* folks had the class to print your untimely piece of oral flatulence in, you'd noticed (on the very next page) what it is that sets *Iron Horse* apart from the rest of the competition.

They devoted (by my calculation) over 24 inches of *their* space, in *their* mag, at *their* expense to publishing a letter from just another bro always up in Canada and not one, but three (count em, asshole) three (3) pictures of what I thought was a class-act custom Breezer. And why? Because the guy took the time to write, *that's* why. Now that's really goin down the fuckin tubes, ain't it, man?

Go plunk down yer piddly-assed \$2.95 on *Easyriders* and see if you can find *that* kind of devotion to shovin off some bro's "foreign bike." Shit, from flippin through their monthly rag, you'd think B.S.A. stands for "Better Stay Away."

Maybe it's the kind of bike you ride, C.J. I'd almost wager you got yer geeky ass parked on a fuckin Hodaka er some shit like that (from

the sound of your letter, that is.) Don't tell me, yer ol lady got a look at some of that outrageous iron and hooked the first Harley rider headed anywhere. Is that it, C.J.? Guess yer findin out that sex for the "Wartburg Wombat" is kinda like a good game of spades, i.e. if ya got a great hand, ya don't need no partner.

Try sendin something to one of those other high-flash, super slick California rags. Hell, they don't even open mail from fucked up soundin places like Wartburg. (Come on now, C.J., you gotta be bullshittin here.) I mean, "Wartburg"?! You *do* know there's professional help available for people that wanna live in fucked up soundin places like that, don't you?

I got my eye on a nice little Triumph 500 (Daytona model) and when it's mine, you can bet yer whiny little \$2.95 ass the folks who are hopefully printin this are gonna get some eye-poppin shots of my ol lady's scantily clad ass firmly attached thereto. It's kinda nice to know that there's a biker magazine that'll print a small photo of somebody's ride just cause they took the time and trouble to write. Try to find *that* attitude in *Supercycle*.

So, take yer pissy little \$2.95 that seems to be so fuckin important to ya and stick it where there's no doubt been a good half mile or so of "Wartburg wang." If having a circulation like *Iron Horse* has (and *still* holding to the tradition of devoting

space to reader send-ins) qualifies them for "goin down the fuckin tubes" (as you managed to so eloquently express it), then that's just finer'n the hair on an old frog's balls. Give me the fuckin plunger and I'll jam em down a little further.

I think you oughta apologize, C.J. Hell, they might even publish a shot of *your* bike. That is, if you write a nice little "I'm sorry, I fucked up, okay" letter convincing them to put in a "Trash bike of the month" special. Who knows, you might even catch them celebratin "Let's All Be Nice To A Geek" week and get a full page outta the deal. (Personally, though, I'd wanna see a little hard green shit up front.) Like say a grand er so.



You better stick to thinkin about gettin up a little cash, though, so you can trade-in your present ride on a used three-speed vibratin butt plug. Then you can take yer \$2.95 and spend it on a copy of *Motorcycle Trend*. Why, between the two, you should *really* be able to impress all your little Japper buddies. Opinions really are like assholes. Everyone's got one... but yours stinks.

Well, that's about it. Appreciate the shit out of your time in this. Oh by the way, a TRIPLE helping of the ol raisin pie to "Ernie" for that truly excellent tale of his entitled "Vengeance." What an ending! Really got off on that seat cover on the cover, too. What the fuckin Army failed to see in er is beyond me. If there was more of that kind of soldier in the foxholes, there'd sure be less bitchin. Hope ta get them 35s to ya real soon. Till then, stay in the wind.—Pete Eveland, Tuscola IL

Yo, Wolfman, offer this guy the job as P.R. man for the rag.—Ed.

One Fer the Ladies

□ I just finished drooling over the "Desert Hun-ny" spread in the Feb. '86 issue.

Not Debbie, ya understand, but that gorgeous hunk of man-flesh she has the pleasure of packin behind. Gets ya kind of choked up don't it? Nubile nymphet meets Italian Stallion...talk about yer matches made in heaven!

Kudos to WW for his fine photographic work on the spread (an extra six-pack and two slices of raisin pie). Here's to ya'll, Debbie and Tony, ya make a fine couple, and it's a sure bet that ya break the hearts of both genders when ya putt down the boulevard!—Cindy Wesolick, San Antonio, TX

Tasty Trumpet

□ Enclosed please find shots of my

'79 750 Bonnie in hopes that it can be shown in your rag.

I'm very proud of my creation and want it show it off to the rest of the "Brit Iron" riders (what's left of us) all over these here United States.

Sure would do me proud to see it in your rag. 'Sides, ya always got more Milwaukee Iron than Brit...one more limey won't steal any thunder.—Sam Davey, Columbia, SC

Shuttle Sand-bugs

□ No motherfucker can tell me that that rag-headed sand-bug Khadafi wasn't behind the Space Shuttle blowin up.

I bet the motherfucker sent a hit team of sand-bugs over to the Cape and sabotaged the Challenger. I mean, everything was goin great and then—BOOM! We should turn Libya into one huge crater and get it over with. Nobody will miss four million sand-bugs. I'll push the fuckin button and take the blame, at the least it'll improve the image of bikers if one of us snuffs those pricks.—Pete Wilson, San Angelo, TX

Name Callers

□ After riding Harleys most of my life, attending nearly all of the major events at one time or another, I've come up with a list of the 10 most common nicknames used by bikers.

1. Snake
2. Spider
3. Ace
4. Wizard
5. Tramp
6. Rat
7. Wild Bill (or whatever)
8. Skull
9. Tiny
10. Mad Dog (Madman, Wildman, etc.)

I guarantee that at any Harley gathering you'll find at least 50 bikers with these names or variations

on them. I'd like to make nicknames property like Club names, but that'd be impossible. Who could claim to be the original "Tramp" right? Therefore, the only solution is for future nicknamers to use a little imagination and creativity in coming up with a handle. Pick one that hasn't been used two zillion times before.—Stuart Cline, Forest Park, GA

Stuart, now there's a biker's name!—Ed.

They Care

□ My hat's off to Tramp and Joan Yemen of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

I'm a tattoo artist here, and I had a run in with a fire over the Christmas holidays. I was hospitalized for three weeks, and the ol dragon was in pretty hard shape, too.

Both Tramp and Joan looked after her dressing and transportation to the hospital, day in and day out, while I was down.

There are no proper words to say "Thanks," and it would take a whole page to tell all that you did and what you mean to us. So, to a true brother and sister: "Millie and I love ya both!"—Tex, Fantasy Tattoo Works, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

Ass Transfer

□ To the gorgeous redhead honey in the Feb. '86 issue: Listen baby, if your ol man ever makes the mistake of cutting you loose, I can assure you that you'll have at least one hard dick to fall back on up here in the frozen north. You really warmed up my winter, in fact, you inspired a project for my 74.

I'm having a painter type bro of mine transfer your sweet ass from the pages of *Iron Horse* to my sled's gas tank. Not not only that, I'm changing the bike's color from black to fire-red, all in your honor. So check it out, one way or another your fine ass is gonna be packin on

my Hog this summer.

Oh yeah, give WW a raise.—Sphinx, Brooklyn, NY

Pride of Ownership

□ I'm really sick of these Japper junk imitations of Harley-Davidsons you see all over the roads.

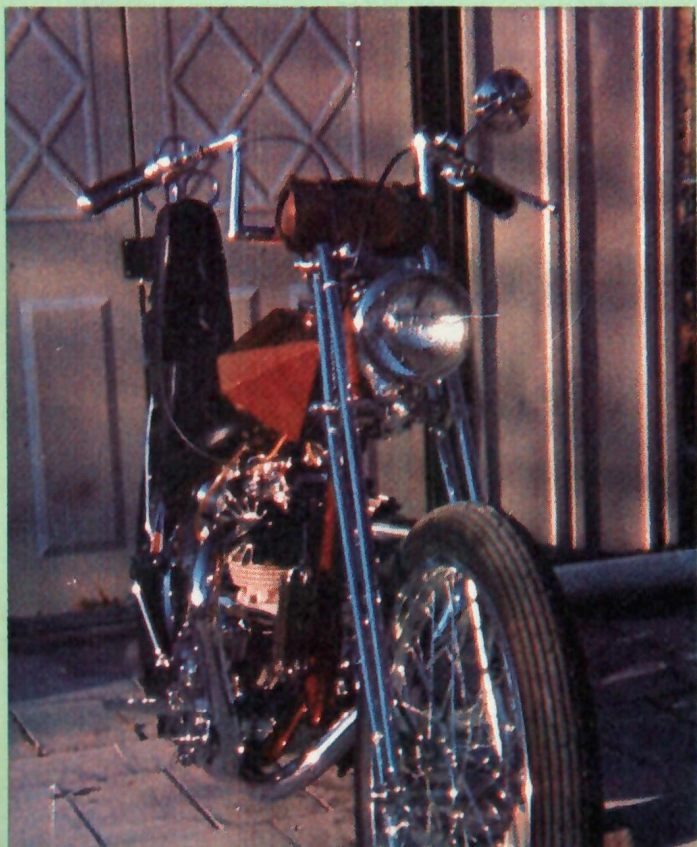
My own FX is over 12 years old and looks better now than the day I bought it, while these punks who ride all the Viragos, and Shadows and Intruders are runnin around with lost side panels and all the electrics are hangin out in the wind.

Not only that, but the painted plastic pieces of shit are already peelin out of whatever that shit is that the Japs coat their bikes with. They've got to be the ugliest bikes ever made and every one I've seen is always in bad need of a good Gunk down. Harley knows what it's talking about when they promote "pride of ownship." A dirty Harley just looks that much meaner while a dirty Jap bike looks only more shittier.—Rollin Ray, Jacksonville, Ark.

Motorhead Mission

□ I'm a regular reader of your magazine and wish to compliment you people on a job well done every month.

I will soon be undertaking an engine rebuild (so I can be on the road in the summer) but unfortunately, am a novice at this. Could you please recommend an engine rebuilder in my area? I live in Massachusetts and the capital city is Boston.—Bill, West Roxbury, MA
Thanks for the geography lesson Bill. Not knowing what kind of motor you've got (H-D, Triumph, Jap?), or what you want done on the motor makes it a little tough to help you. Our advice it to survey the riders of your make for reliable motorheads in your area, and take your engine to the one whose name comes up most often and most favorably.



JAP KILLERS

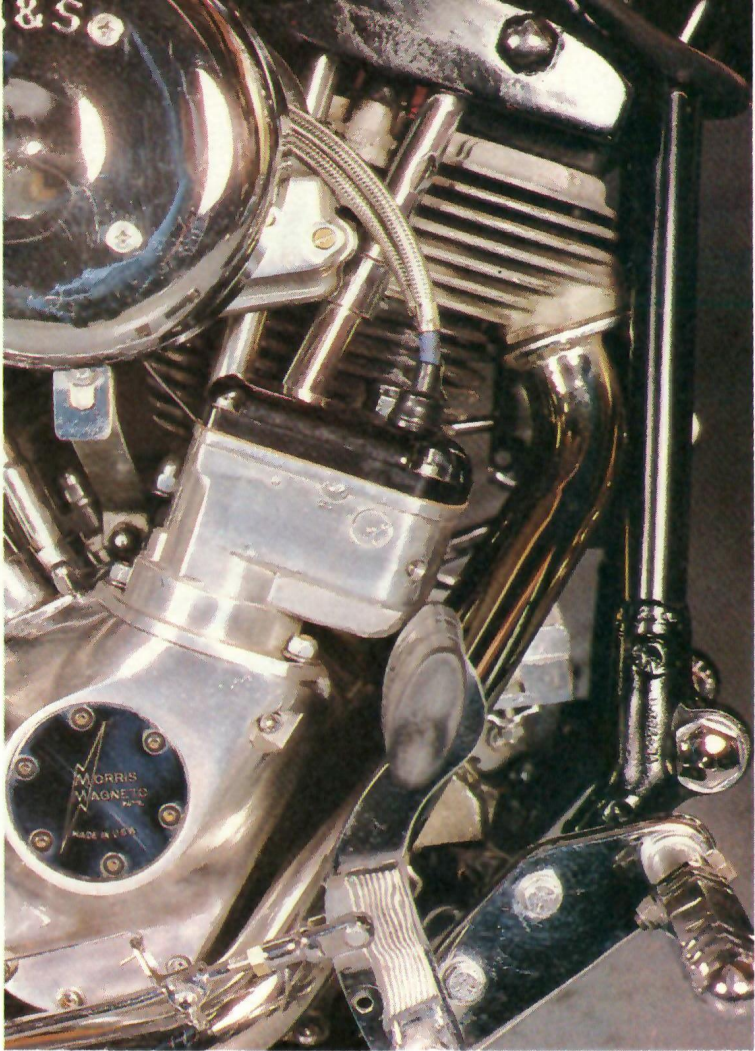
**There's somethin'
downright evil,
wicked, mean
and nasty
about a
classic
chop**

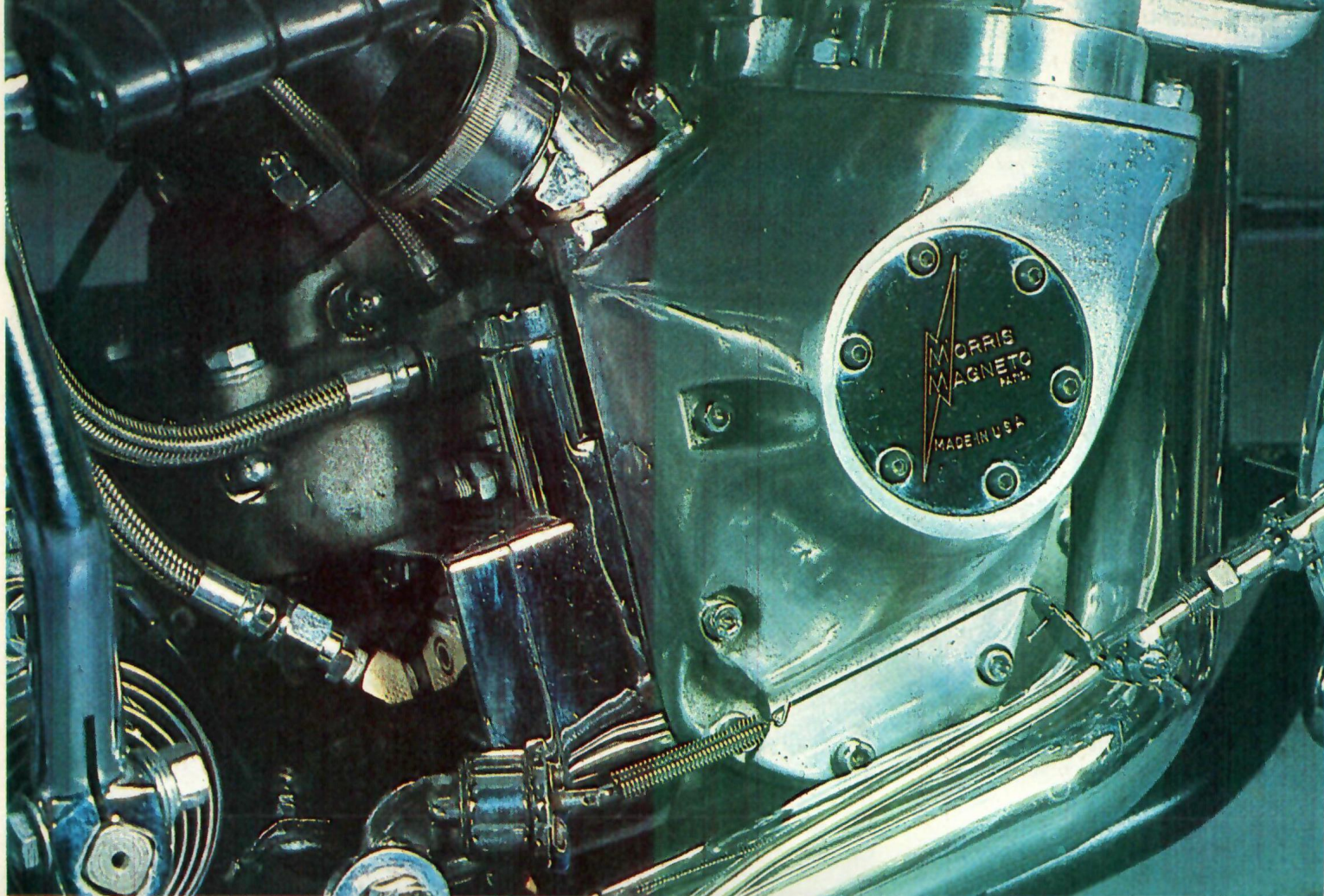
Story By J.P. Converse
Photos By WW





URCHIN
CUSTOM
CYCLE CENTER





Tech Sheet

Owner: Richie at Urchin
City: New Rochelle, NY

General

Fabrication by: Urchin Cycles
Year and make: 1974 H-D
Model: FLH
Value: \$8,000
Assembly by: Urchin Cycles
Chroming by: Brown's Plating

Engine

Year: '74
Model: FLH
Rebuilder: Urchin
Ignition: Morris Mag
Displacement: 86"
Lower end: S&S
Balancing: Urchin Cycles
Pistons: S&S
Cases: H-D
Heads: Ported Polished by Trock
Cam(s): Sifton 468 S
Lifters: Solids
Carb(s): S&S L series
Air Cleaner: S&S
Pipes: 40" drag
Muffler: None

Frame

Year: 1957
Builder: H-D
Type: Wishbone
Rake: Stock
Stretch: Stock
Other Alterations: None

Accessories

Bars: Black chrome buckhorns
Risers: Stock H-D
Fenders: rear cut down FX
Headlight(s): Aftermarket
Taillight: Tombstone
Speedo: Aftermarket
Front pegs: Colony
Rear pegs: Colony
Electrics: Magneto
Gas tank: 3.5 gal fatbobs
Oil tank: Octagon
Oil system: Stock
Primary cover: H-D
Seat: Corbin Gentry

Tranny

Modifications: Andrews close ratio
Year: '77
Shifting: Foot

Painting

Molding: None
Painter: Urchin Cycles
Color: Black
Type: Laquer
Special paint: Silver flames

Forks

Type: Wide Glide
Extension: 5" Over
Builder: H-D/Forking by Frank
Special features: Chrome

Wheels

Front wheel size: 21
Rear wheel size: 18
Front hub: H-D
Rear hub: H-D
Front tire: Avon
Rear tire: Avon
Front brake: Drum
Rear brake: Drum

Richie, owner and chief wrench of Urchin Cycles in New Rochelle, New York, is a regular one-man army when it comes to puttin together classic choppers. He handles everything from the initial conception of the bike (if the owner leaves that part up to him), to the final assembly of the finished product. Each nut and bolt is turned by Richie personally, and if ya check out the three sleds from Urchin featured in this issue, you'll plainly see that Richie produces one hell of a finished product.

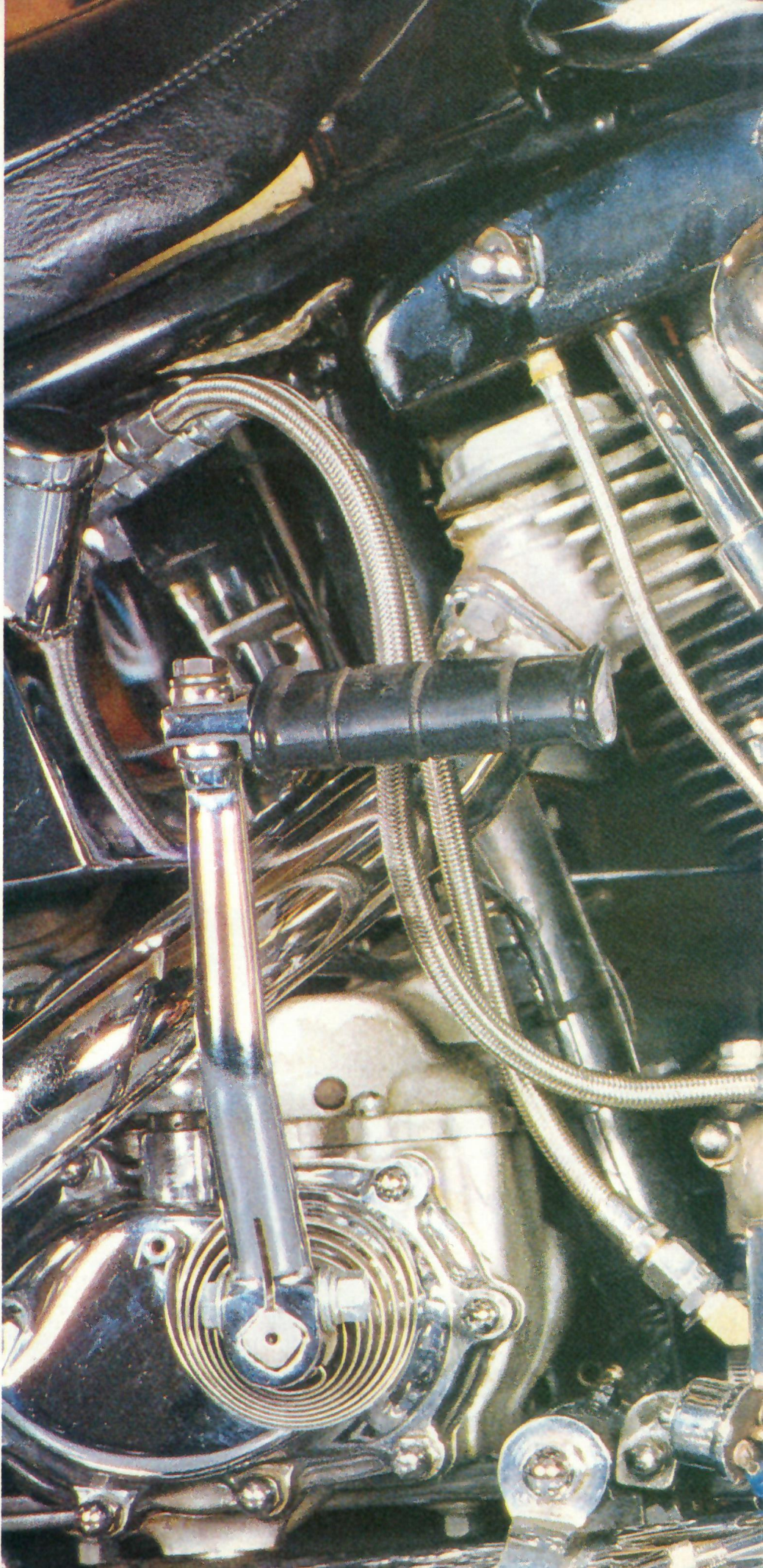
And as you can also plainly see, Richie specializes in fabricating traditional choppers. These no-nonsense scoots are characterized by hardtail frames, flat fenders, magneto ignitions, and usually run apehangers and some kind of peanut tank. It's mighty refreshing to these red-rimmed eyes to see something other than a stock, swingarm Hog pullin down the road. Don't get me wrong, I'd love to wrap my hand around the throttle of a brand new Softtail, or FXRS, but there's somethin downright evil, wicked, mean and nasty about the look of a classic chop. They're pure, uncompromised, and badassed with a capital "B."

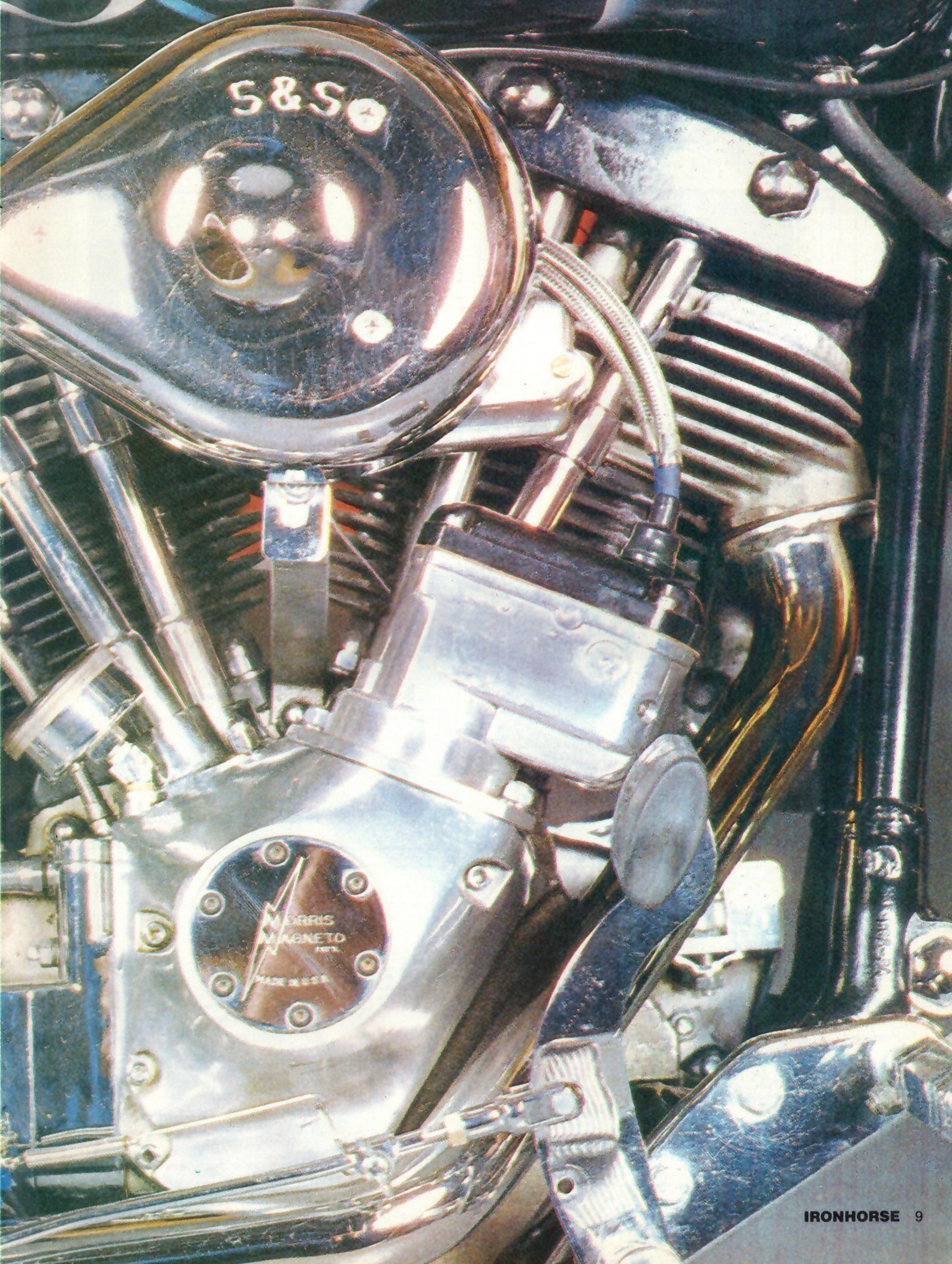
Richie's been a rigid frame man throughout his riding career which is kinda unusual considerin the treacherous nature of New York roadways. The asphalt is blitzed by ol man winter every year, and comes to resemble a Berlin sidestreet after being munched by a WWII bombing raid. One riding season over these accordion surfaces is enough to spell doom for an ordinary hardtail. They crack under the strain.

Not a hardtail from Urchin cracks, though. Richie has taken his years of puttin in the northeast and the know-how to work. As he tells it:

"Some of my customers wonder if there's a price difference between me fabricating a hardtail for them out of a swingarm and just ordering one from Jammer or Paughco. They're surprised to learn that I do almost as much welding on the aftermarket frames, reinforcing certain stress points like the backbone over the engine, as I do cutting and welding on the swingarm. By the time I'm through with them, they'll be able to ride over anything and stay in one piece."

There's a lot to be said for having a custom chopper built for you by someone like Richie as opposed to merely going to the local dealer and plunking down your cash. For one thing, you only deal with the folks selling the bike, and unless you go to Milwaukee or York, you'll never meet the people who



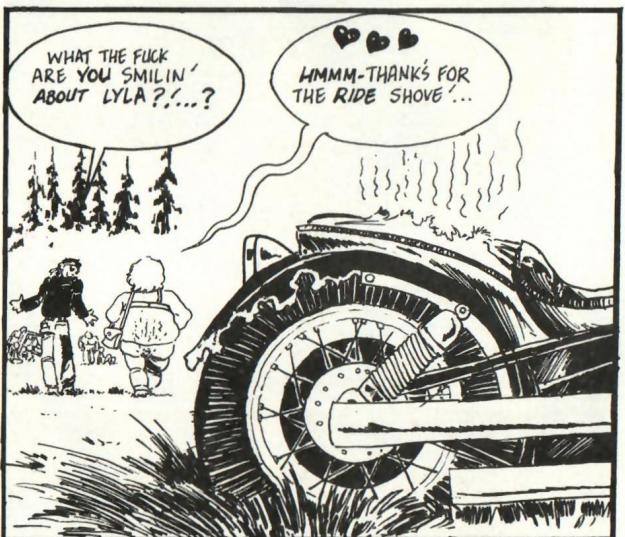
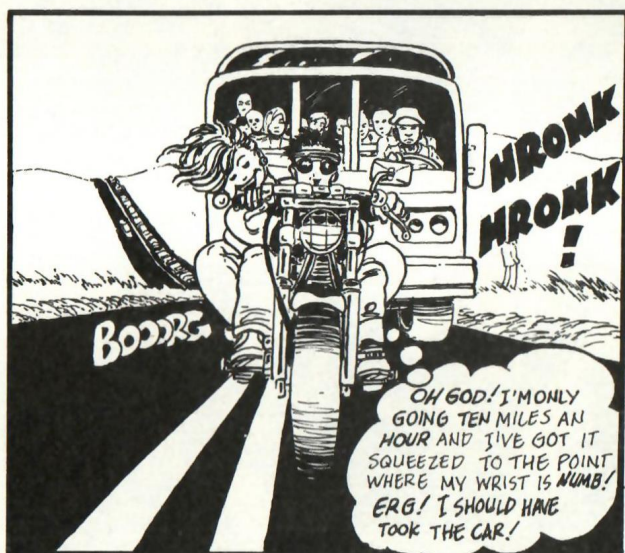
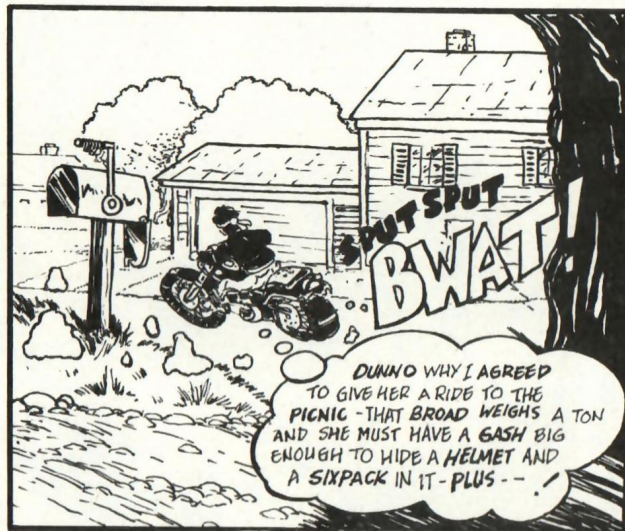
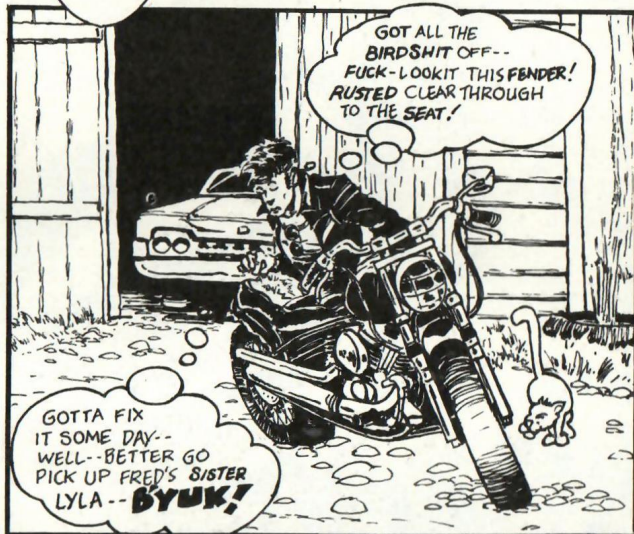


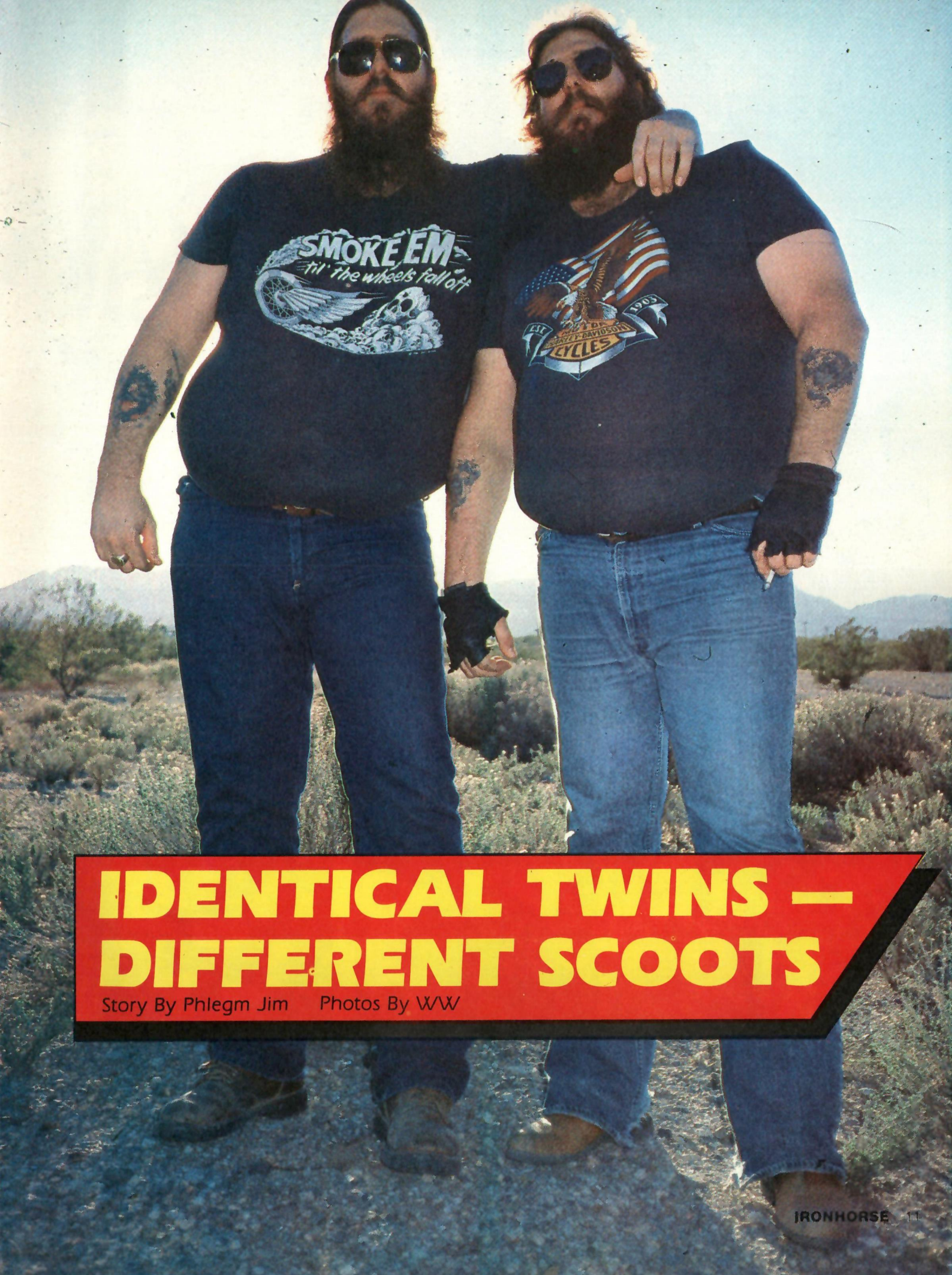
HEY!
EVERY BODY
COVER YOUR
EARS - MARION
BRANDO'S
BRINGING HIS
VINTAGE F-14
OUT OF THE
HANGER!



Shovelhead

by ROBERT BENA

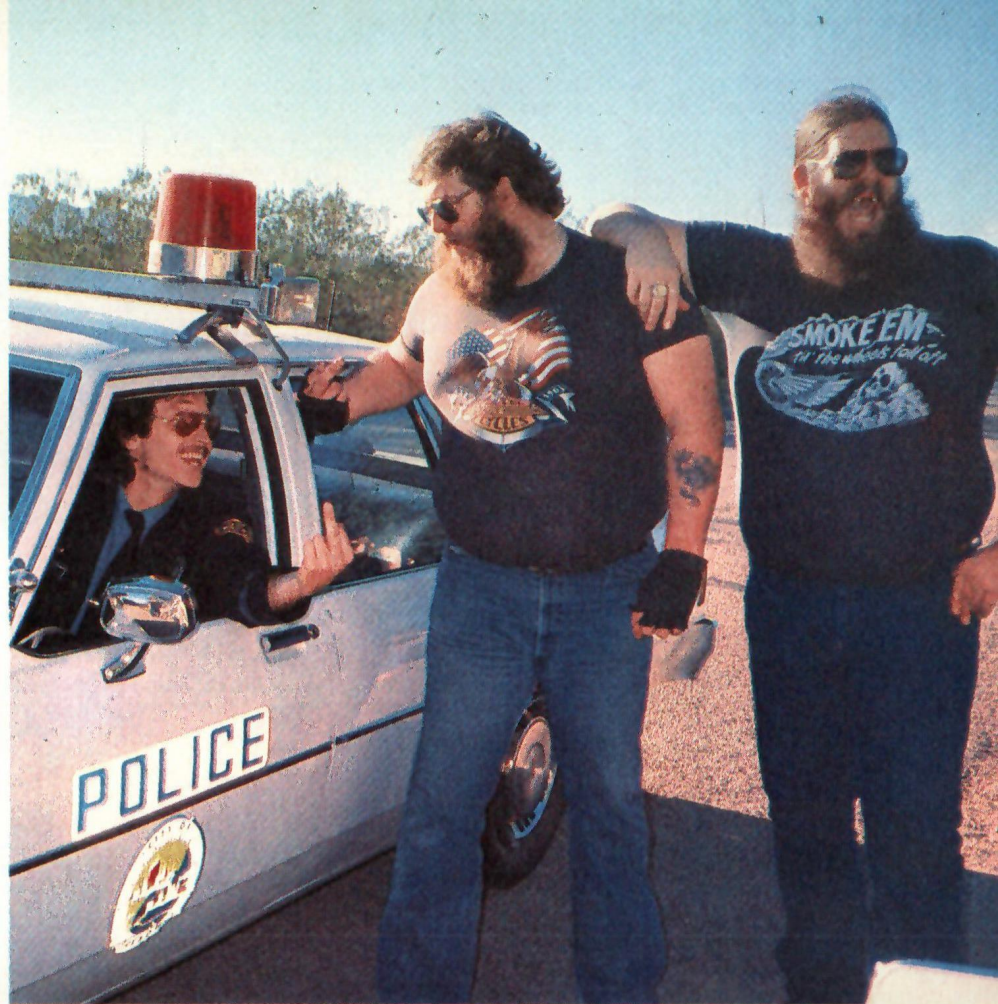




IDENTICAL TWINS — DIFFERENT SCOOTS

Story By Phlegm Jim Photos By WVV





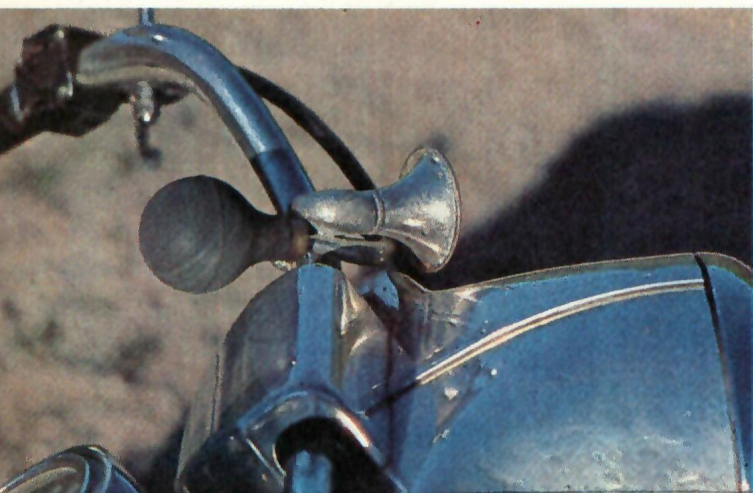
Fergit all that stuff ya've heard bout identical twins bein exactly alike in everything right down to the brand of smokes they hack on. These two brothers from Tucson ain't identical at all. Fer one thing it's as easy as crashin into a tree to tell these bros apart. Ya see, Little Dick is 6'8" and weighs 325 lbs., while his brother John is only 6'5" and also weighs 325. John is the one who joined the Navy and Little Dick is the one who stayed home partyin and puttin, and armed with that knowledge ya'll also be able to perceive in Little Dick's eyes the gleam of pure intelligence. Hell, so far we ain't found nothin identical in these identical twins, except from the fact that they both ride Harley-Davidson Shovelheads, as ya can tell from the pitchers which should be around here somewhere. Ya can also tell that they both have a deep and abidin respect for the forces of law and order, so they are alike in some ways but not enough for em to be identical, at least not to the eyes of this reporter.

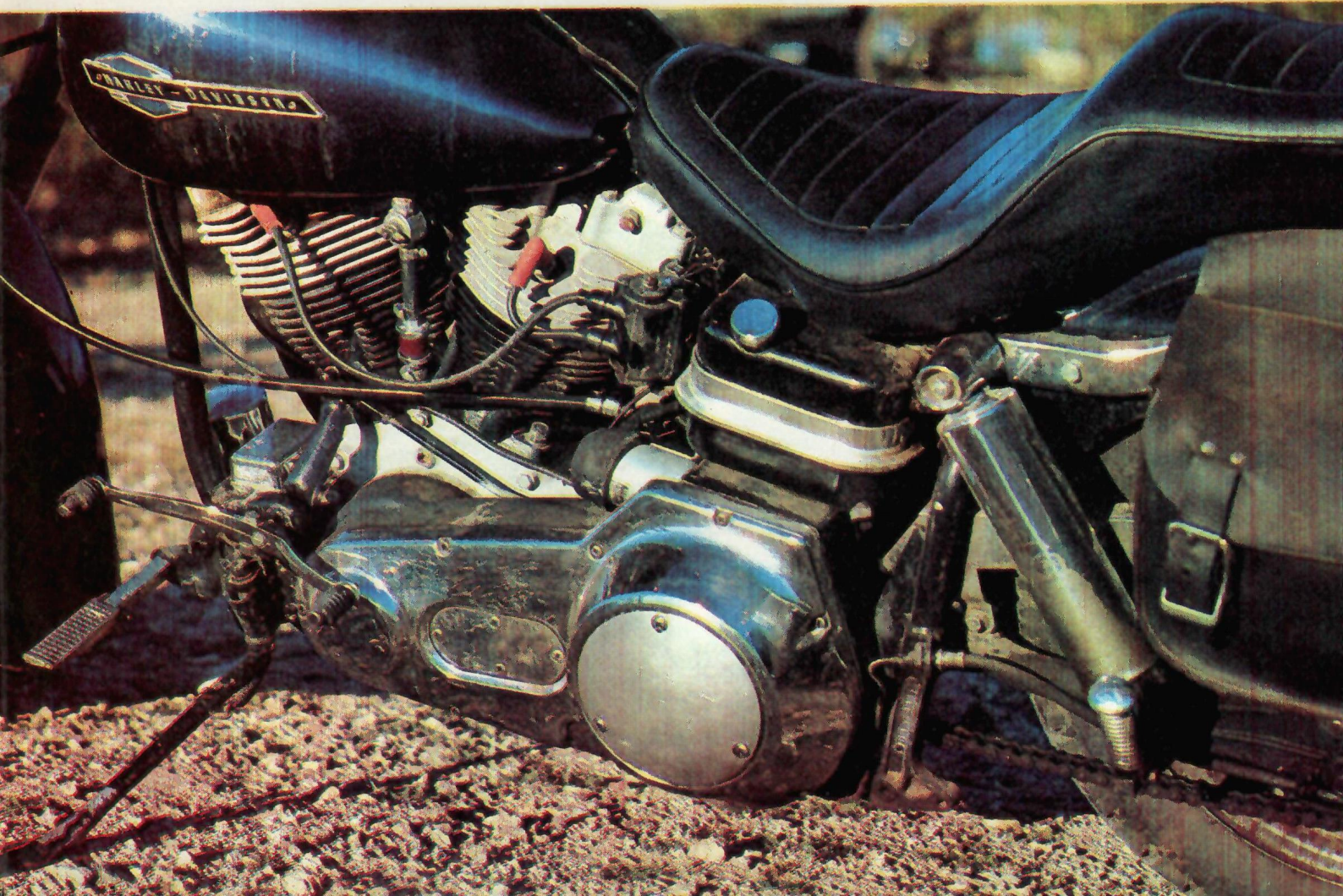
Even on the matter of motorcycles, our V-twins have their differences. Though they both ride H-Ds, their styles at first diverge rapidly and then

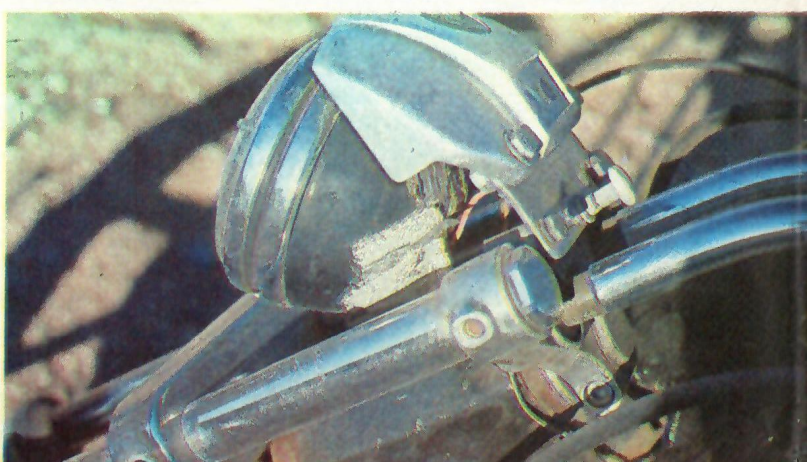
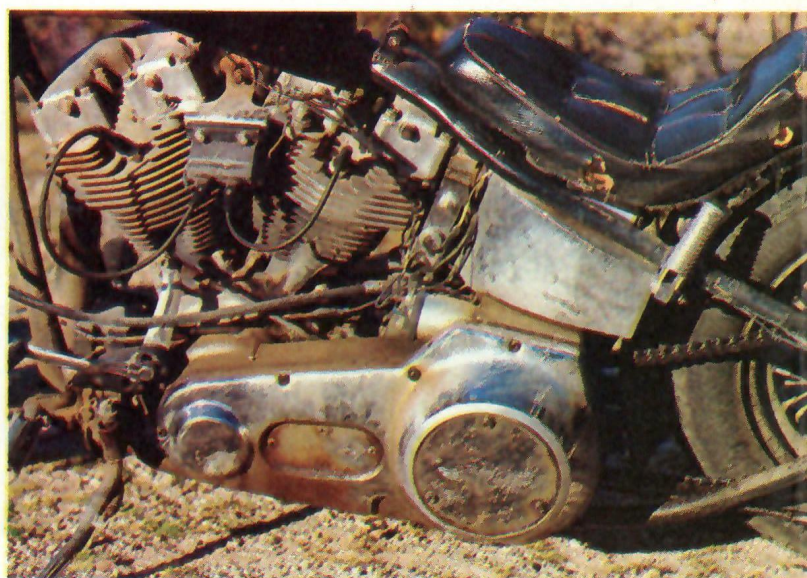
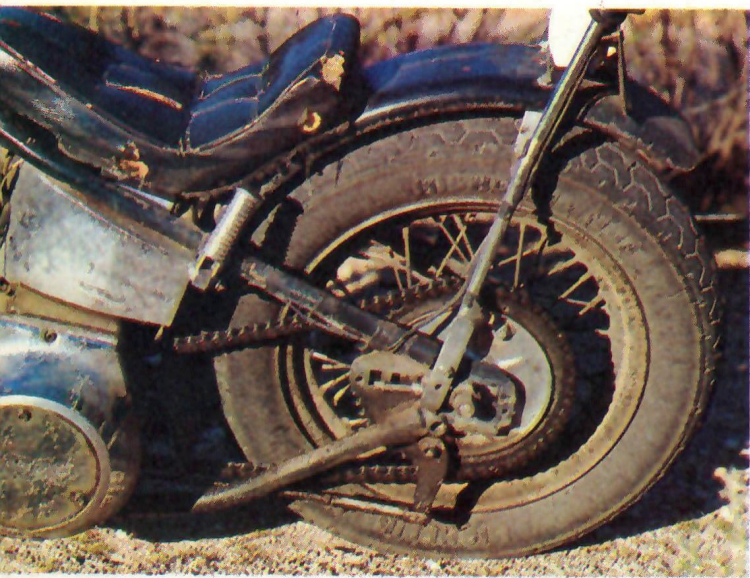
accelerate away from each other. Little Dick has what ya could call a somewhat casual approach to bikin as evidenced by his stock '77 FX which seems to be racin headlong into ratdom. John on the other hand keeps his '72 FLH 86-inch stroker as clean as a whistle, wipin the bike down like it was a deck to be swabbed. Little Dick's been ridin for ten years, a bit longer than brother John, who got into street bikes when he got out of the Navy.

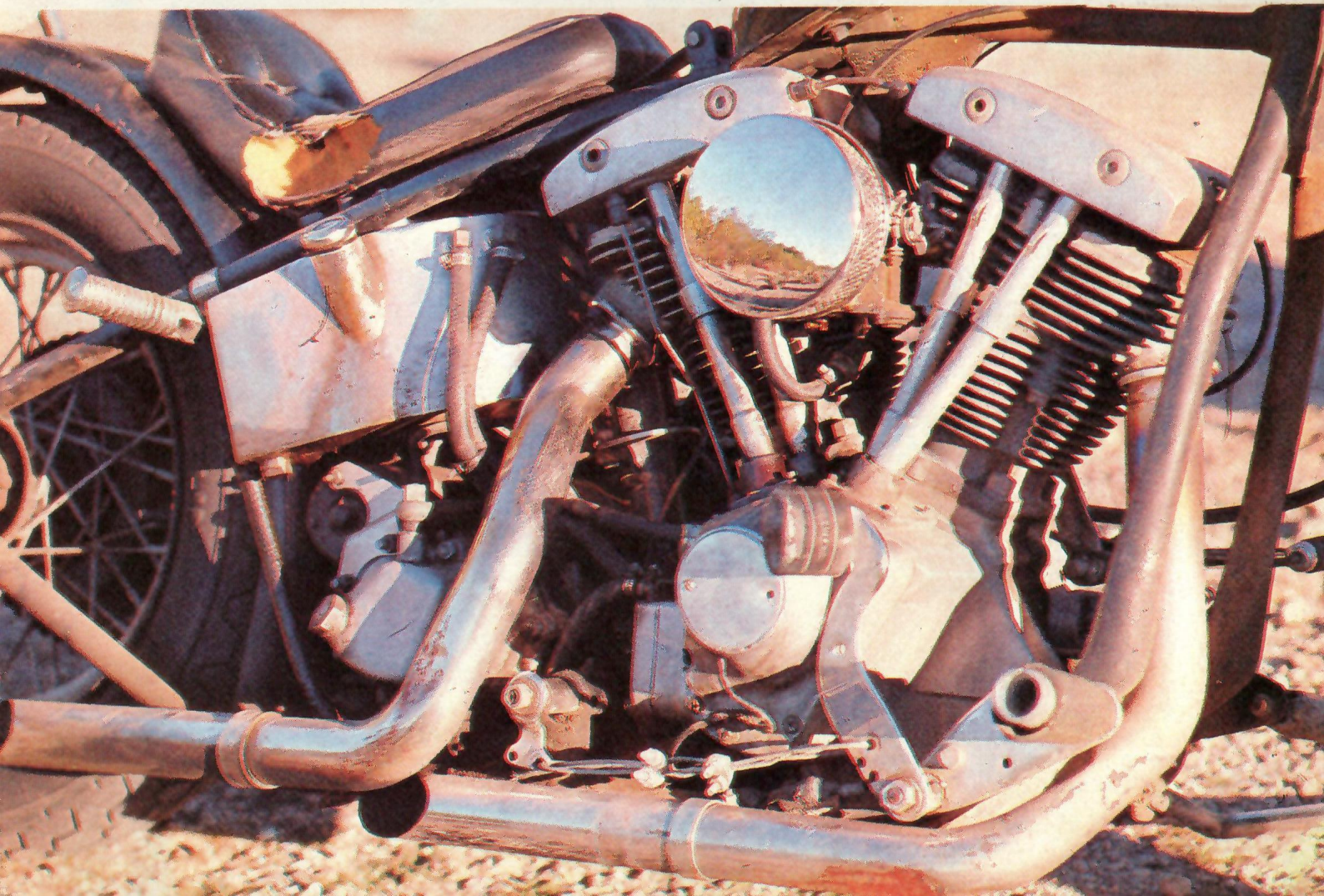
The twins have been livin in Tucson since about 1969 when their folks brought em down from Ohio. They were a bit lighter, then. Now they work as bouncers at a local titty joint, the famous Ranch House Bar, alternatin nights between em dependin on who needs the cash the most. Even the customers, who're usually feelin no pain, can tell the twins apart enough to get buy—they know that ya don't fuck with either of em, and ya don't make light of Little Dick's ironic moniker.

Though the twins may have their differences despite bein technically identical, they're exactly the same in their appreciation of Harleys, and that's somethin that makes us all brothers. □



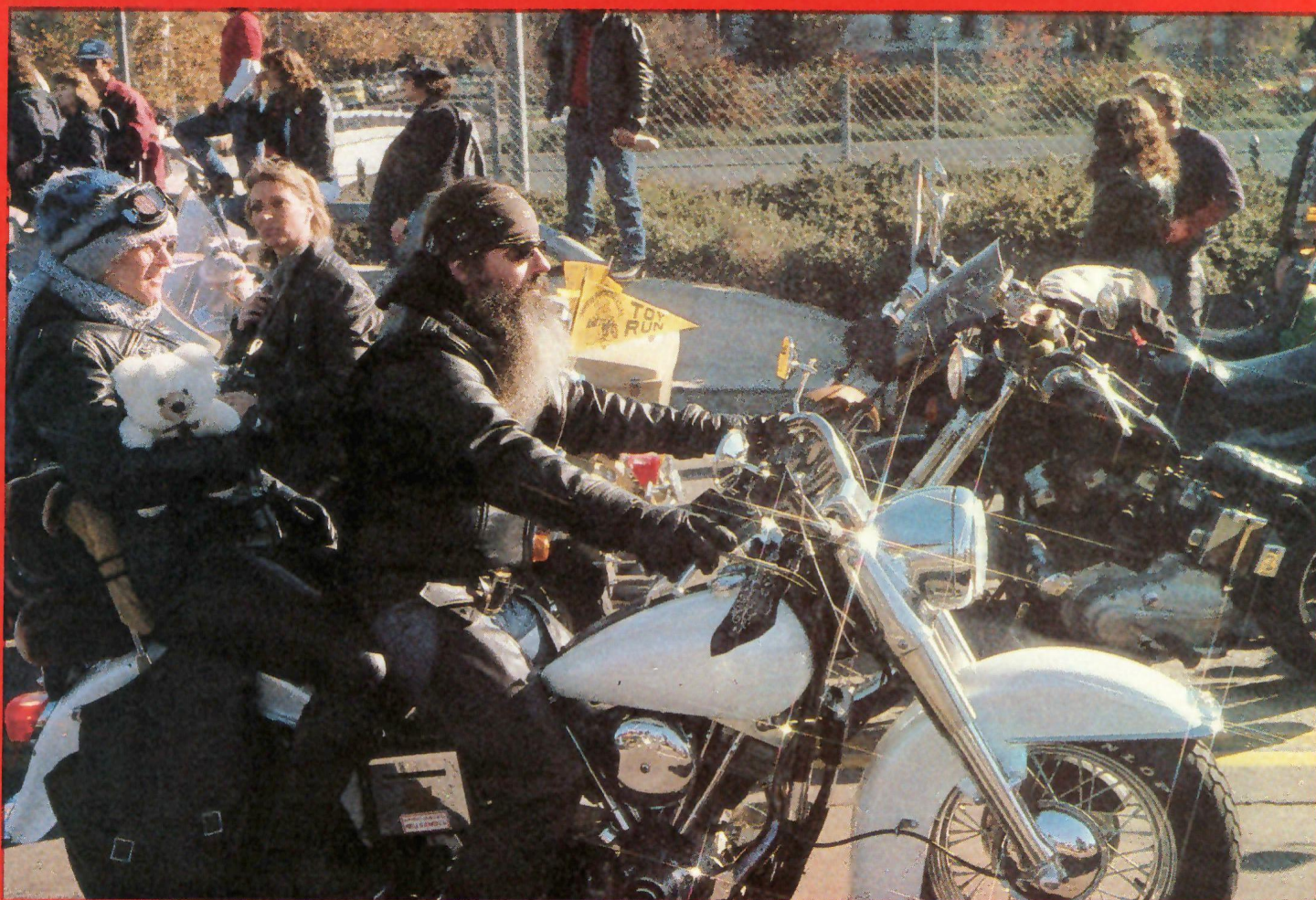












TOY RUN

East vs. West

Bikers show care, compassion and community spirit — in spite of what ya see in the media.

Okay, catch this, It's 10 p.m. and ya know where yer children are. The rugrats are whimperin, the mutt is howlin and the tube's blarin away with some inane slut trying to sell ya a vinegar douche. The ol lady's paintin her nails and complainin that its only 12 inches (the tube, that is) and only shows up in blurry black and white.

"Shaddup," ya say. "Gimme another brew."

Then ya turn yer attention back to the idiot box. This here's the big new network adventure series that'll make

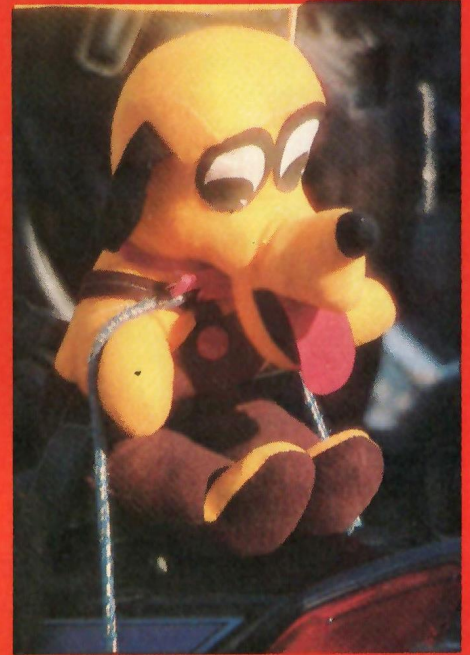
Rambo look like yer faggot brother-in-law. It starts out with a car chase and a burning building, so ya say, okay, maybe it'll be watchable. Then, one minute into the show along comes the "motorcycle gang." A bunch of wimped-out, limp-wristed assholes who wouldn't know a Harley from a hamburger.

In comes the hero. He gives ya a smile that flashes off his plastic teeth, turns around and throws a pretend haymaker at the head "biker" (usually a fat piece of shit who would need a

truck, not a scoot, to get around on) and flattens him.

Woo-eee. That was one brave, motherfuckin hero. What a show! Shit, ya might as well have spent yer time fuckin yer fist, as fuckin yer mind. And fer this kinda crap, yer ol lady wants a 27-inch color television?

The problem is biker knockin, a national fuckin sport that America loves. Why? Cuz, we're easy targets, man, that's why. When ya call a spade a spade or ya mention the Mafia or dump on Jerry Fallwell, Lord help ya. Those folks are organized and they come down on ya with both boots. When they shit on us, we kick back, smile and say, "FTW." So the beat goes on.

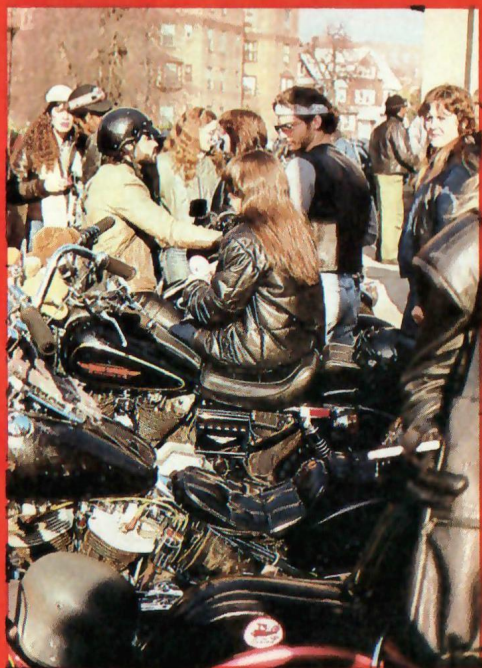
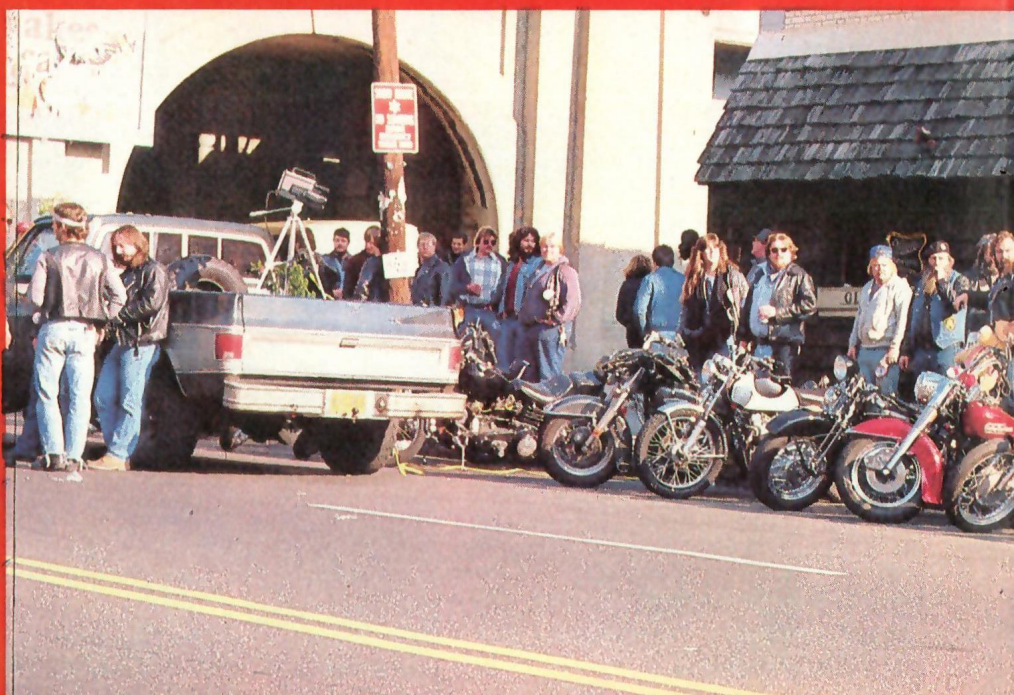


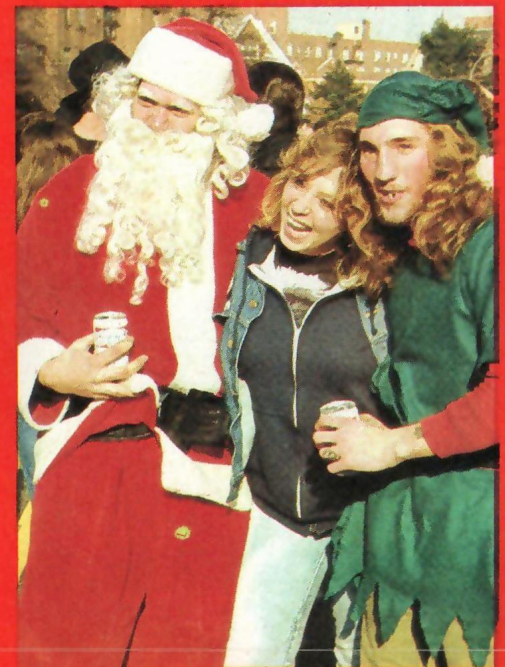
That's the stereotype they've hung on us. But as the virgin said to the biker, don't let that stand in yer way. Cuz out there, from Portland, Maine to Portland, Oregon and all points in between, there are bros who care enough to do their very best for poor and handicapped kids. These are the bros who invented toy runs and those of us who get out and support em. Nobody makes em do it. They do it because they wanta.

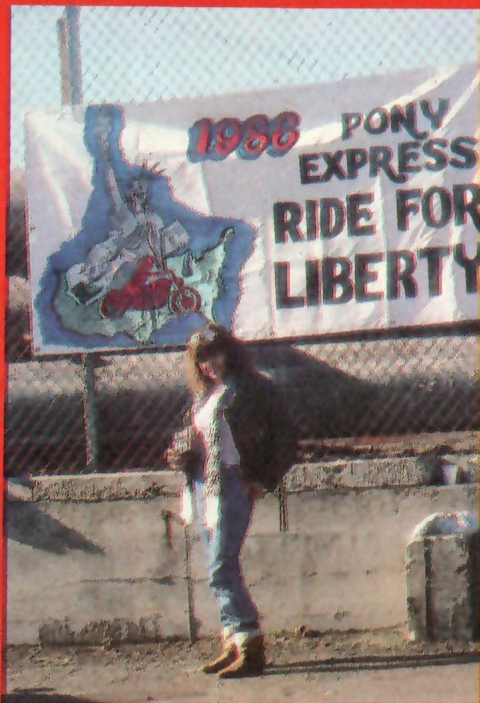
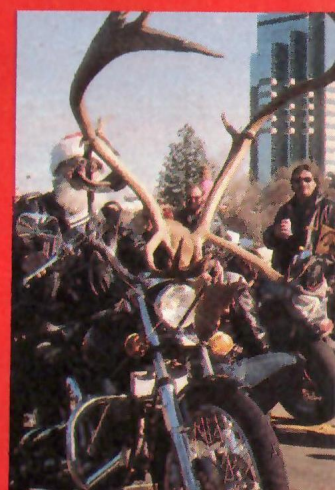
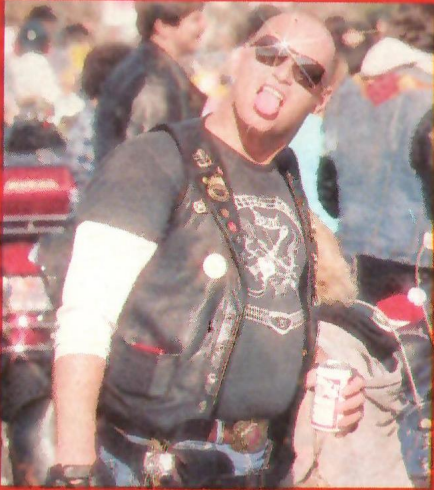
East Coast lensman Bob Alvarez and West Coast flick artist Wild Bill captured two separate events. There may be a difference in style, but not in heart. And we salute em. □

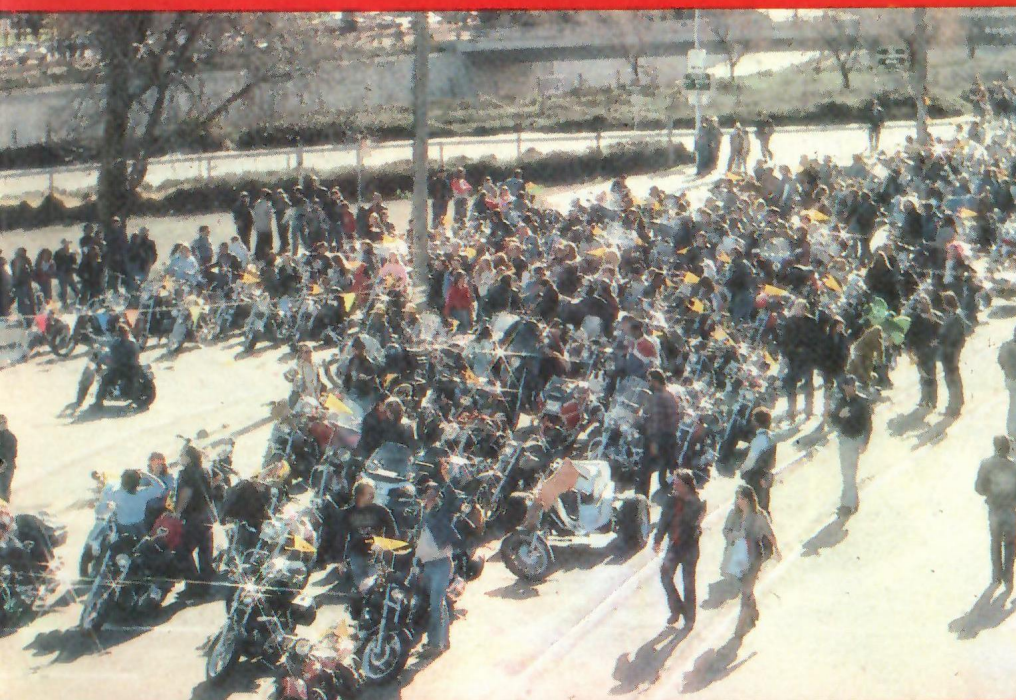
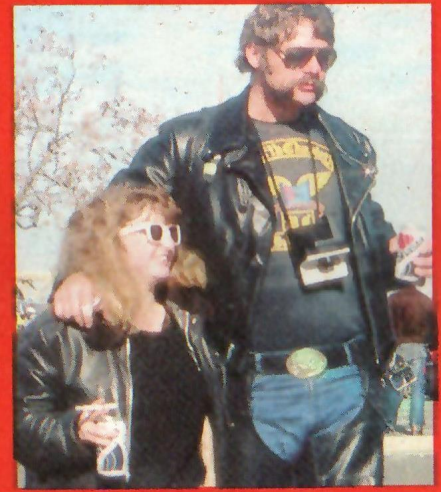
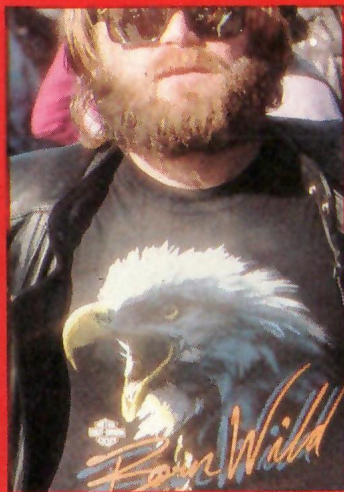
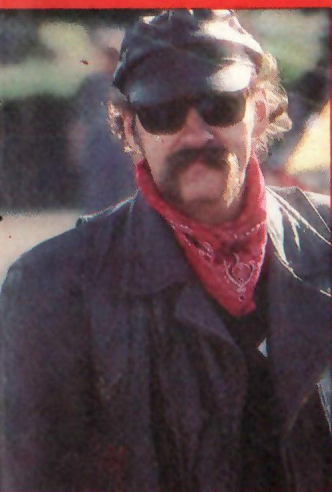
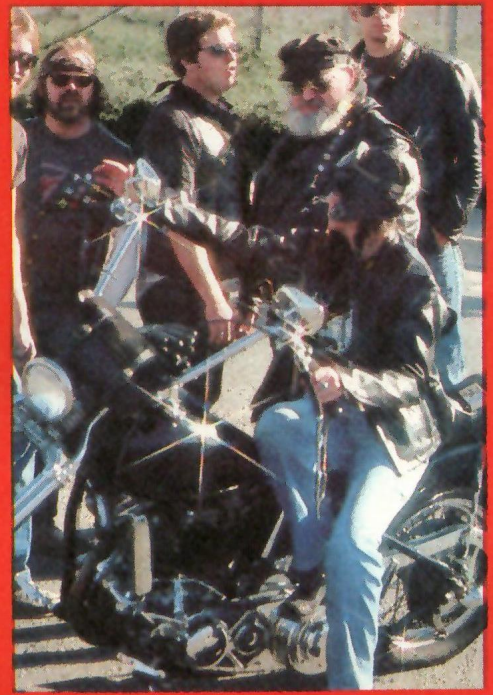
Photos By

Bob Alvarez & Wild Bill











PLAYIN' HARDBALL

With his soft touch, Hardball don't never strike out. Much.

Hardball leaned into the curve. His gloved hand opened the throttle wider and the iron horse responded instantly. The man and the machine, functioning as one, rocketed through the curve.

Fifteen days a guest of the county and all he had been able to think about during the time he was down was this road trip to the international meet in Montreal. This was going to be the party to end all parties. There would be brothers from across the united States and Canada. Westchester County was more than five hours behind him and as far as he was concerned, the further behind—the better.

His thoughts switched to Jean, the bitch, who had really put him in it this time. They had always played a little game after one of their fights (which were frequent and of increasing intensity). He really could not remember how many times they had acted out her little fantasy of someone breaking into her home in the middle of the night and raping her. It really turned her on. Normally they would have a fight and Hardball would go stomping out, calling her a bitch and a whore and various other terms of endearment. In a few nights, after he had cooled off, he would return through the bedroom window. The one that was always left unlocked.

Hardball remembered leaving the Saint's clubhouse around three in the morning. He had been totally wasted on cheap wine and good weed. He putted over to Jean's place and parked his scooter several houses away. He cut through the three vacant lots adjacent to her property, on foot. The fence around her back yard was the biggest obstacle. He was so completely wasted that he had come very close to leaving the family jewels behind, on that fucking wall. Standing beneath her bedroom window, he kicked off his boots, dropped his jeans and his colors beside them, climbed through the bedroom window.

First thing he knew, he was being catapulted across the room; his face smashed into the bedroom wall. A warm gush of blood spurted from his nose. His arms were wrenched up behind his back and the feeling of hard, cold steel engulfed his wrist as the handcuffs

snapped shut. There was the click of the wall switch and the room was ablaze with light. Standing in front of him were two of New York's finest, who had Smith & Wessons pointing at some of his most vulnerable parts.

Thinking in retrospect about the situation made him laugh. If he lived to be a hundred years old; he would never be able to forget the look on the face of the younger cop. Hell, that kid had been more frightened then he had been. The young cop must have thought that he had some kind of deranged sex manic on his hands. I guess that it is not every day that you see a six-foot-two-inch, two hundred-forty-three pound naked man, covered in tattoos, eyes glazed over with dope, rock and wine, with a beard down to his chest. Oh, well, thought Hardball, it's much better to be despised than forgotten. When the initial commotion had died down, it was the older cop who was the first to address the situation.

"What, in the Sam hell are you doing here," he said. Hardball had given the cop one of his very best smiles, bloody as it was, and replied, "Hey, man, everyone has to be someplace." Naturally, Jean had refused to press charges on the B&E and the assault with intent, but John Law still hung the indecent exposure rap on him and a drunk and disorderly for good measure. The bitch had set him up and he had taken the fall.

Two hundred sixty for his lawyer, five hundred in fines; not to mention the fifteen days locked down. Well, he thought, it's all behind me now. "Just one more pubic hair on the toilet bowl of life," he thought.

He was glad that Jean was in his past too. Her *and* her damn sex games. Just when you thought you know all the rules, she would go and raise the ante. The bitch was really a strange one. It wouldn't have been to much longer and she would have him diddling her, while live chickens ran around the room and perhaps even a howling dog or two.

The interstate was becoming monotonous. Hardball took the next off ramp, exiting at Lake George. He needed to take on some fuel and his mouth felt as dry as cotton; probably wouldn't hurt to pop a top or two. The

thought of a cold brew perked him up. The red neon sign said "Skipper's Mast." He rolled slowly past the place giving the parking lot a careful once over. One rice machine (looks like one of those Honda Civics) and a semi. The rig said Mellow Dale Dairy Products on the side. Everything appeared to be righteous enough. he certainly didn't need any more hassles, with only another hundred miles between him and the Canadian border. Nothing was going to prevent him from being at that meet. Hardball geared the scooter down and made a U-turn across the opposing traffic. The scooter rumbled slowly up to the gas pumps in front of the "Skipper's Mast." He quickly topped off the tank and went inside to square up.

The first thing he noticed on entering was the redhead behind the bar—a real knock out. She had long legs (up to her neck), light green eyes (the kind that look right through you), a pair of jugs on her that you would have to see to believe. The nipples strained against her tank top, pushing out and upwards, completely defying gravity. She looked up from the bar and saw him striding towards her. She appeared a little shocked (the usual reaction a citizen has when encountering a brother).

"That will be four dollars even for the gas," she said. Hardball put a crumpled up twenty on the bar. "What do you have on tap?" he asked.

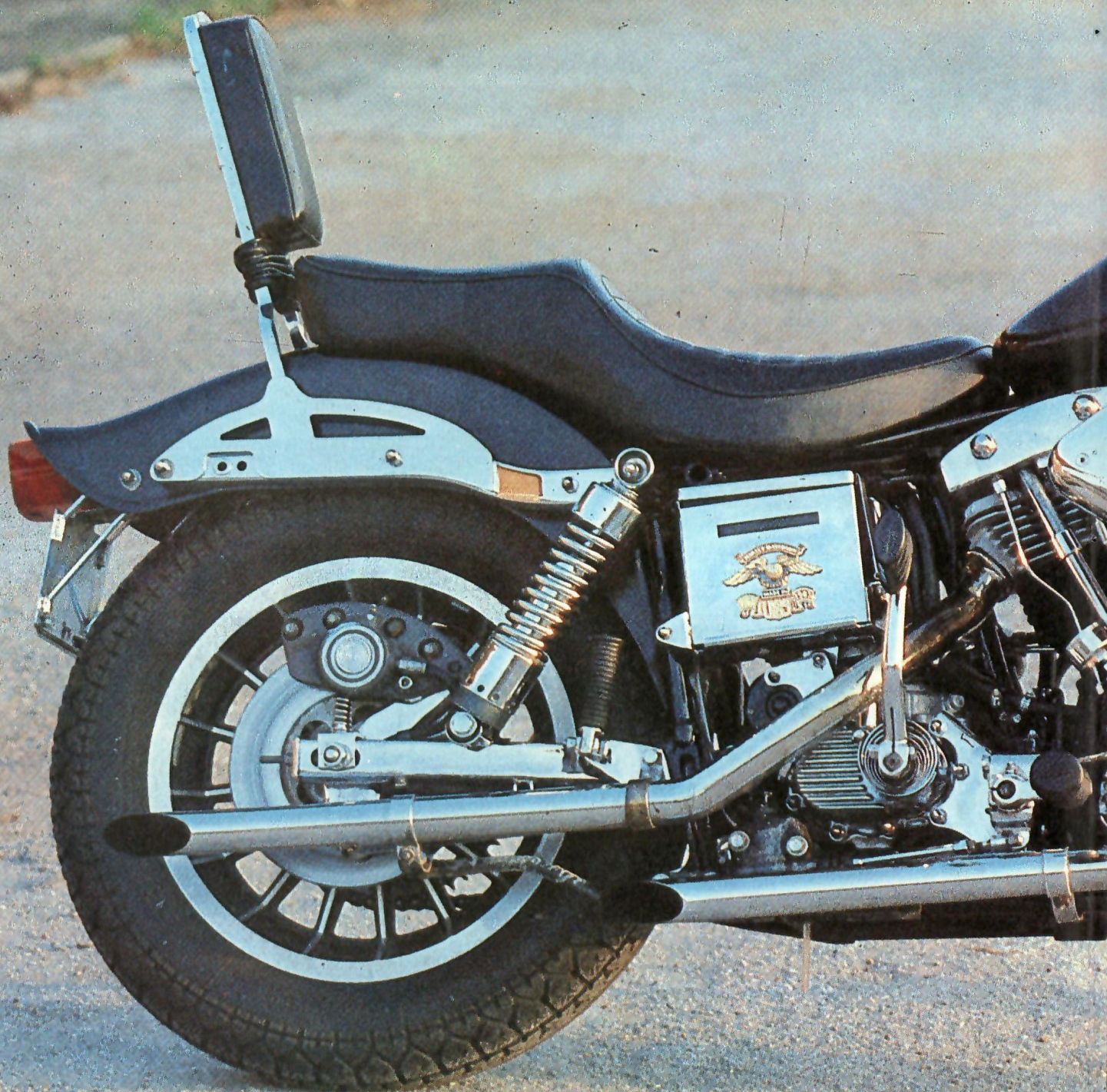
"We have: Bud, Mich, and Miller," she said.

She stared directly into his eyes as if facing some invisible challenge. Her light green eyes seemed to look right through him. "I'll have a Bud...chilled mug if you got it." He said.

She had to turn around and bend over to reach the cooler. It was on the wall behind her, down near the floor. Hardball stared at her firm round ass; it literally seemed to be giving off heat. He felt his crank beginning to stir, and a faint, but very warm glow spread threw his groin. She came up with the mug and turned to face him as she began to draw his brew.

"I sure do", she said. "In fact I've got it all, Mr. Hardball."

(continued on page 40)



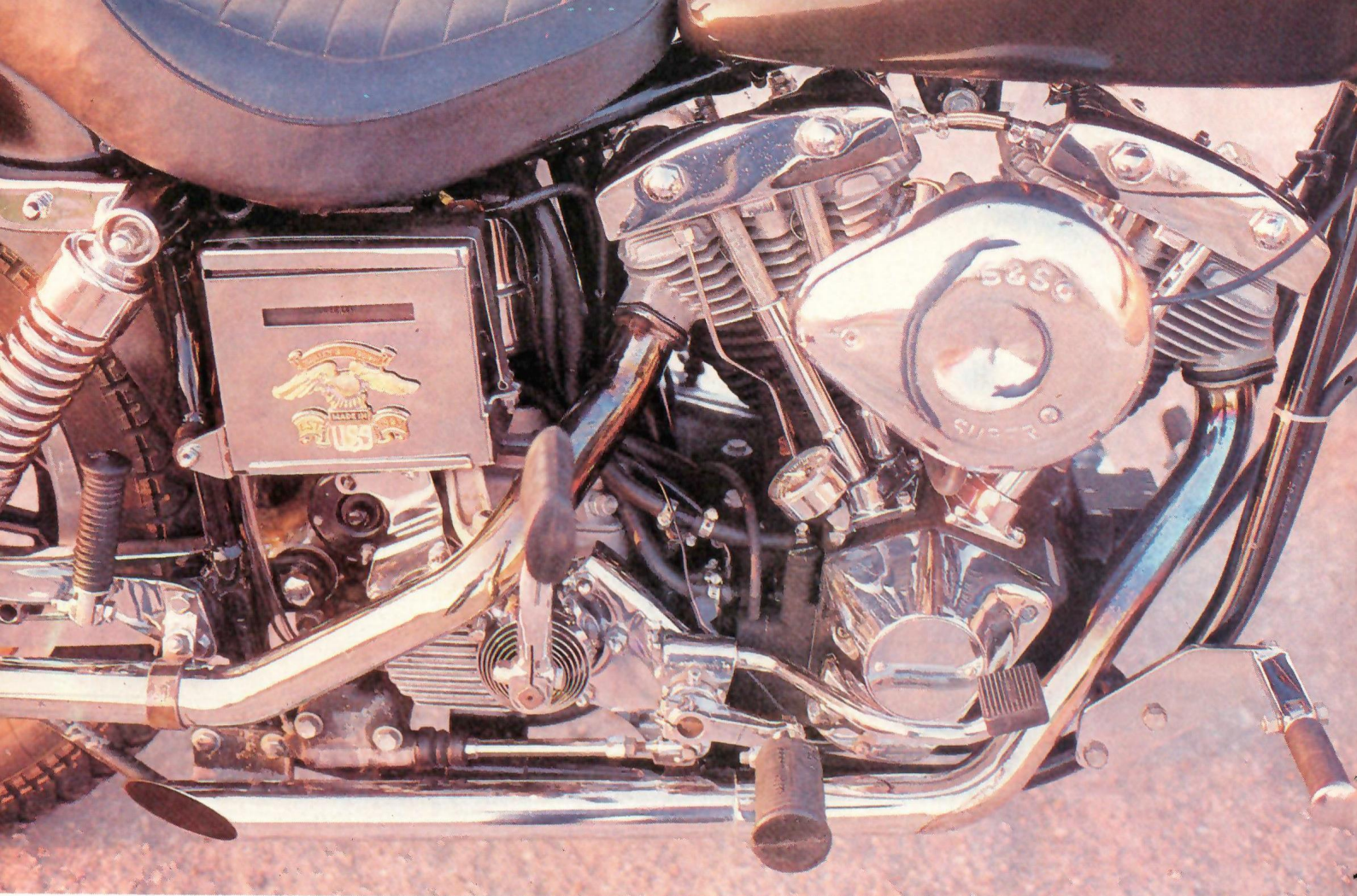
BLURRED VISION

**You're not drunk bro—
yer jus' movin' too slow.**

Photos By W/W
Story By Grub



When WW first saw Big Mike down in Houston he was nothin but a big blur. Ridin a black, highly modified '79 Shovel which was pumpin out 106 cubic inches of raw, road-rippin power, Big Mike was busy warpin the fabric of space and time between the Houston traffic lights when



Tech Sheet

Owner: Big Mike
City: Houston

General

Fabrication by: Owner
Year and make: '79 H-D
Model: Fatbob
Value: \$7500
Assembly by: Mancuso H-D, Houston
Chroming by: Mancuso H-D

Engine

Year: Cases '79
Model: Super Glide
Rebuilder: Mancuso H-D
Ignition: Battery/Coil
Displacement: 106"
Lower end: S&S
Balancing: 4 1/2" wheels
Pistons: J E
Cases: Stock
Heads: Trick cylinders/ported & polished
Cam(s): Andrews B grind
Lifters: Solids
Carb(s): S&S
Air Cleaner: S&S
Pipes: Drag
Muffler: None

Frame

Year: 1979
Builder: H-D
Type: Stock
Rake: Stock
Stretch: Stock
Other Alterations: None

Accessories

Bars: Stock
Risers: Stock
Fenders: Rear Fatbob Drag/Front Stock
Headlight(s): Stock
Taillight: Drag Specialties
Speedo: H-D
Front pegs: H-D
Rear pegs: H-D
Electrics: Stock 12v
Gas tank: Quick Bob
Oil tank: H-D
Oil system: Oil cooler
Primary cover: H-D
Seat: H-D

Tranny

Modifications: Andrews close ratio
Year: '79
Shifting: Stock

Painting

Molding: None
Painter: Coach Craft
Color: Black Metallic
Type: Imron
Special paint: None

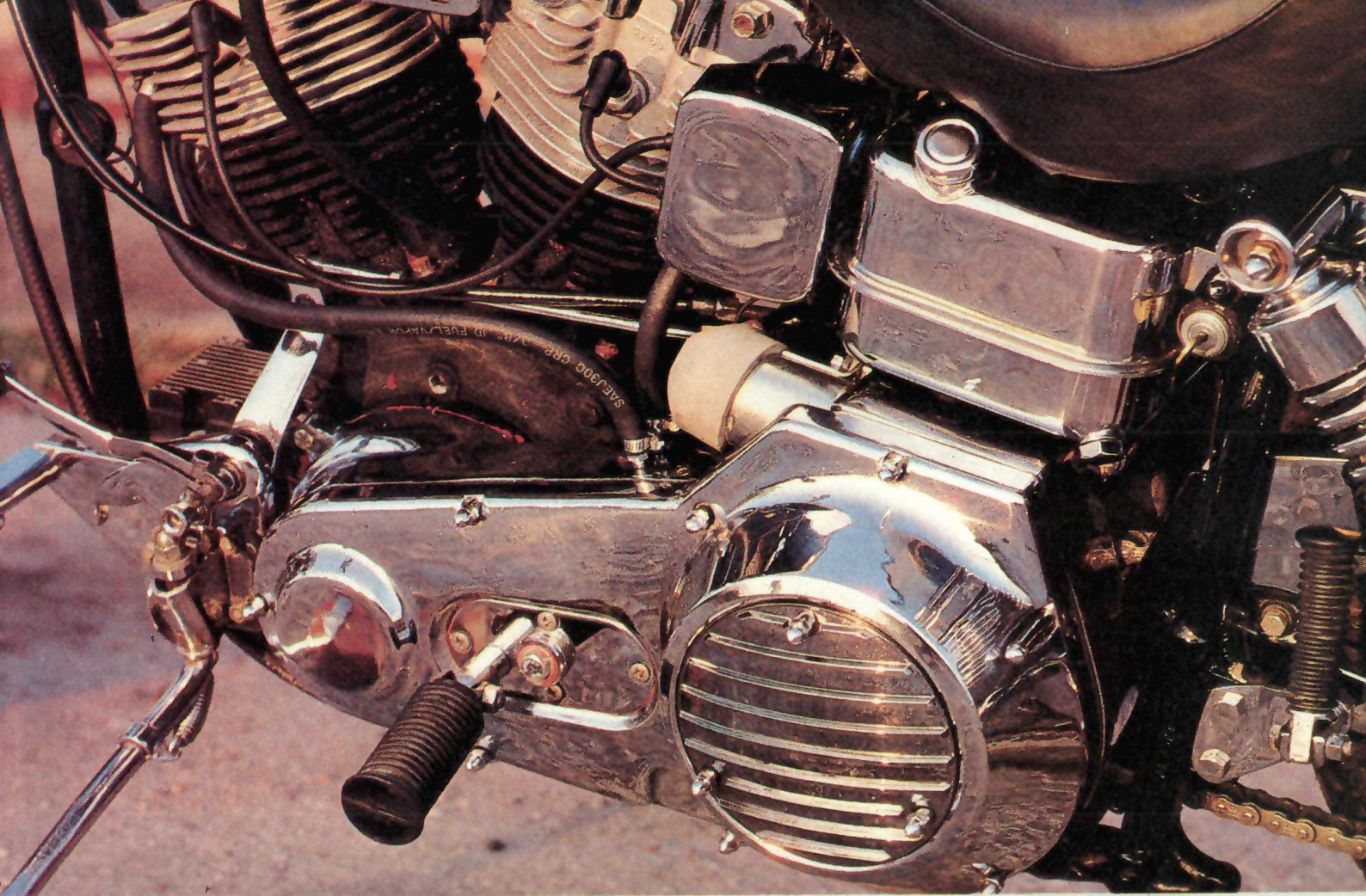
Forks

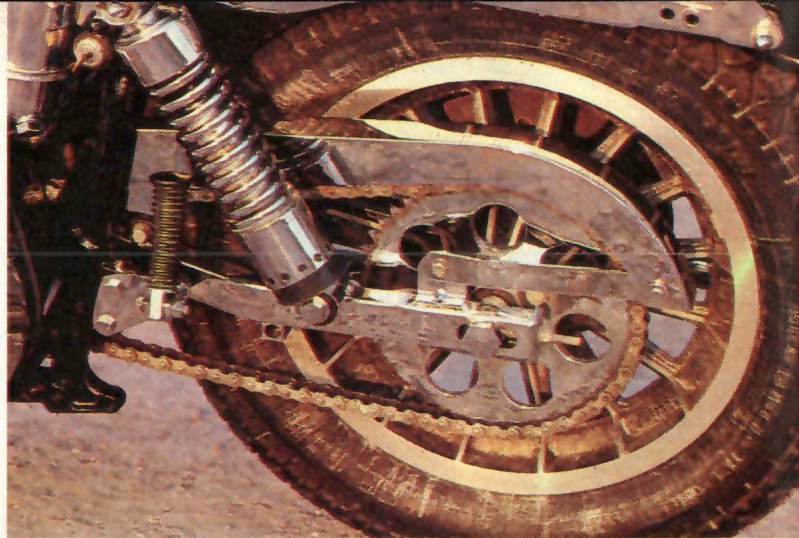
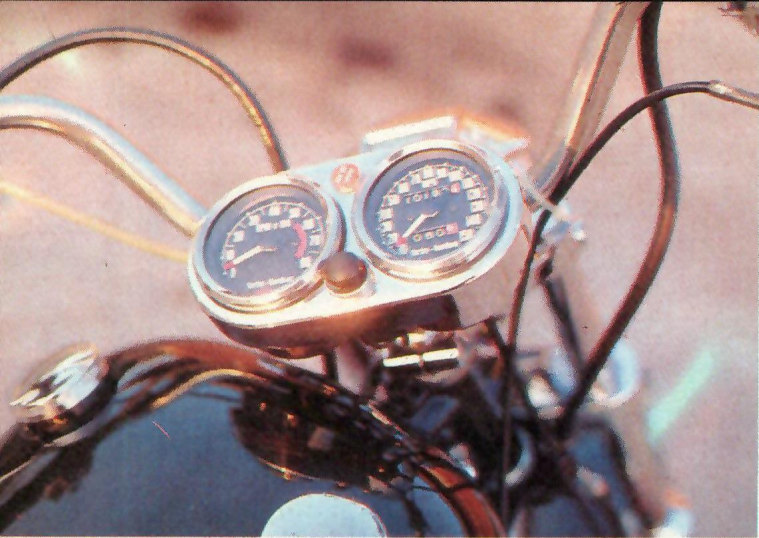
Type: Narrow Glide
Extension: Stock
Builder: H-D

Wheels

Front wheel size: 19"
Rear wheel size: 16"
Front hub: H-D
Rear hub: H-D
Front tire: Avon
Rear tire: Continental
Front brake: Disc
Rear brake: Disc









WW accidentally got caught in the vacuum created by the Shovel's slipstream. Purely from reflex, WW's oxygen starved fingers started clickin flicks of what he guessed was some sort of low flyin species of U.F.O. Imagine his surprise upon developin the flicks, and instead of a Pillsbury Doughboy refugee from a Spielberg flick that would reap him millions from a National Enquirer exclusive, the photos revealed a big black Hog; the rider clamped to its back against the G-forces.

Hittin the H-D shops in the Houston area, WW attempted to track down the guided missile for an *Iron Horse* exclusive, which although not paying

millions, would keep him in beer and oil for a coupla days. Finally, he hit Mancuso Harley, where ace wrench John Marksman instantly recognized Big Mike and his own handiwork, the 106-inch monster motor. Only the cases remain stock on the stroked out engine which features S&S internals and Trock barrels.

Big Mike bought the Harley bone stock back in 1979, and rode it that way for a while before havin John at Mancuso H-D beef the Hog up to a muscular 93 inches. Over the years the former Fatbob Super Glide was slowly transformed, piece by piece, into a

(continued on page 84)

MASTER OF REALITY

Dedicated to the Memory of a Fallen Friend

Story By Snow Photos By WWW

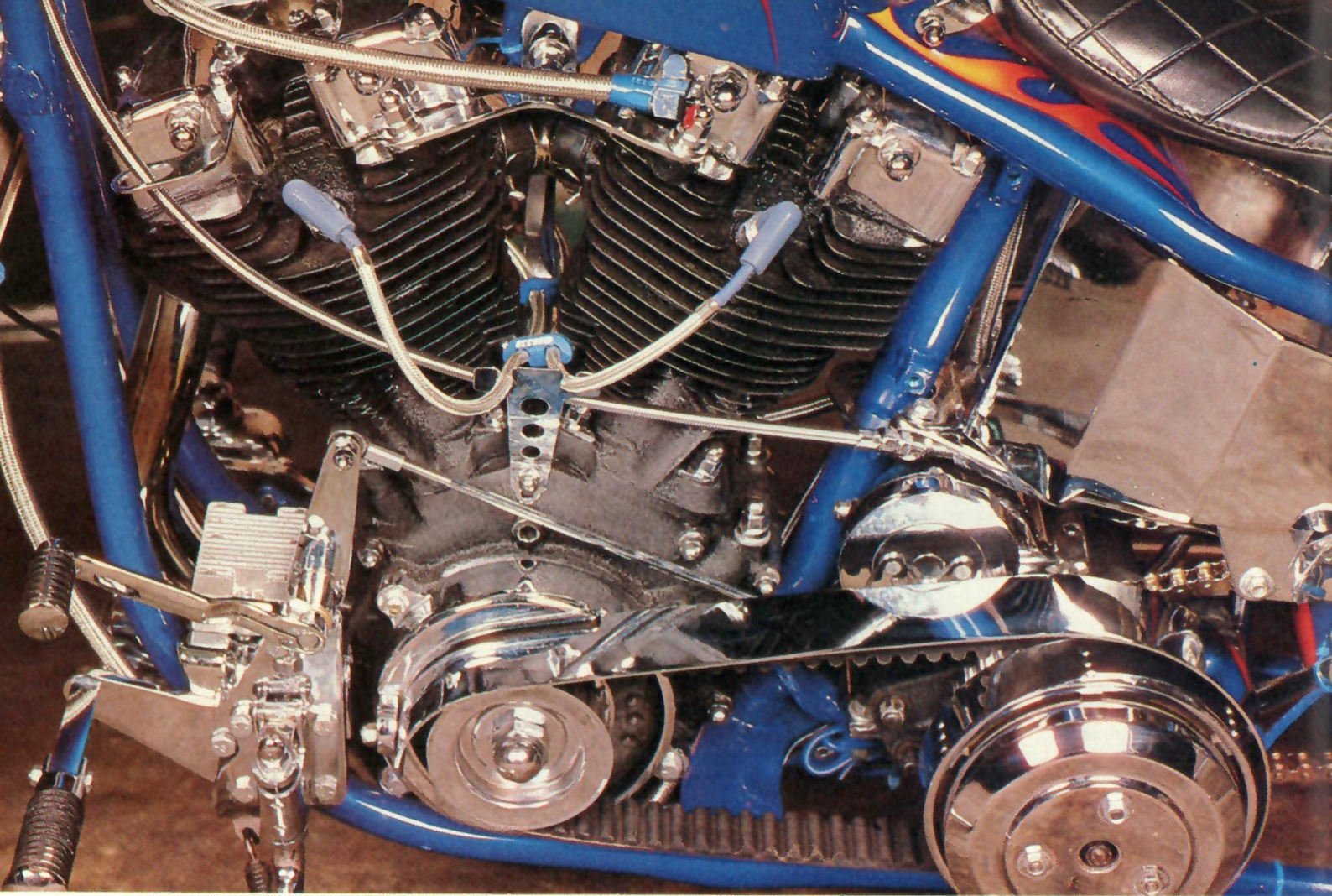
Brent, another of the close knit group of bros who inhabit the New Rochelle area centering around the motor cycles they build at Urchin Cycles, dedicated the construction of the bike he calls "Master of Reality" (after the Black Sabbath tune) to the memory of a good brother named Timmy.

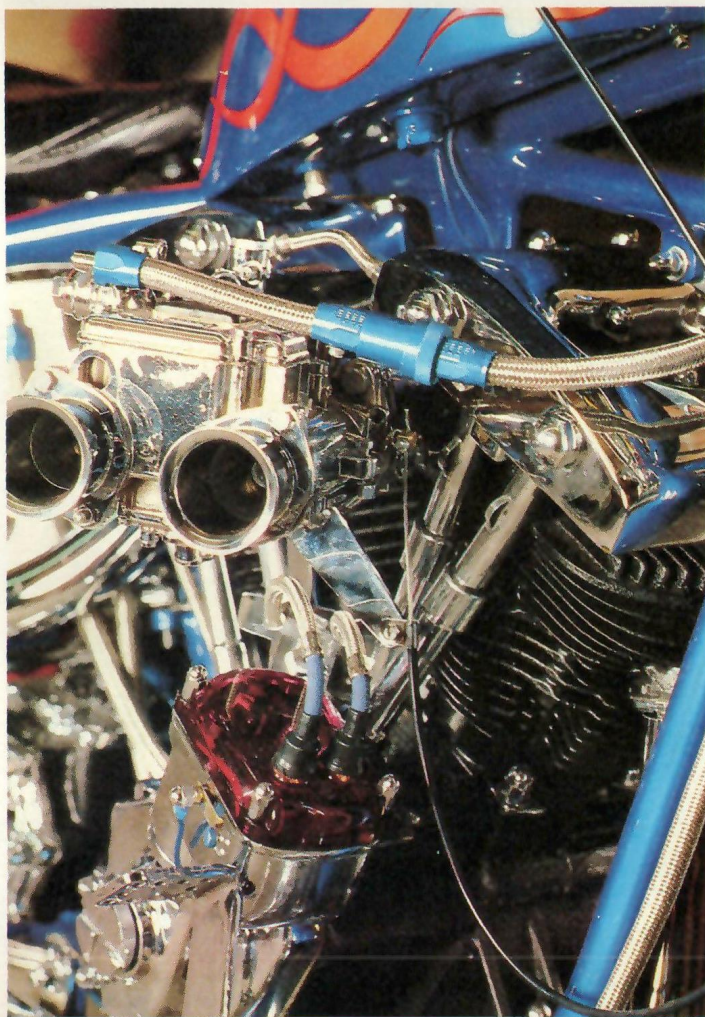
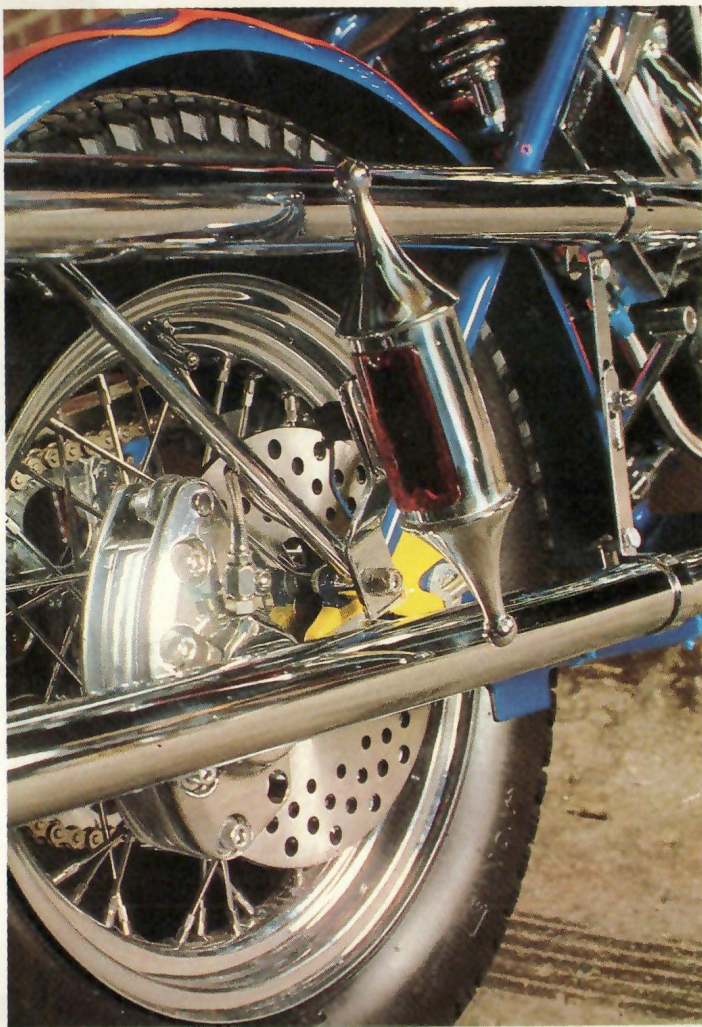
Timmy fell on Oct. 29, 1984, and soon after Brent began to build the "Master of Reality". He rode the brilliant blue and orange flamed chopper in the memorial run held on the first anniversary of Timmy's death. Fifty riders who felt close to the hardcore bro who "rode every day", showed up for the helmetless run, despite the fact that the cops threatened to give each rider a ticket. The bros said that's cool, we'll line up for em as fast as

you can write em out. Even Timmy's dad was there, keepin the memory of his son alive by ridin the Harley he loved during his life. Another memorial run is planned for this October and Iron Horse will be there.

Brent, who used to be an over the road trucker and now teaches the tractor trailer skill for a living, is just your regular, all-American biker. When asked what he liked to do besides ride, Brent was straight and to the point, "Fuck", he said. Can't get any more regular than that. He first acquired his 80 incher as a basket case and as he puts it, "I kept goin and goin with it till I got carried away with the project that he now has plans to take the bike on the show circuit.







Tech Sheet

Owner: Brent
City: New Rochelle

General
Fabrication by: Urchin Cycles
Year and make: 78 H-D
Model: FLH
Assembly by: Urchin Cycles
Chroming by: Brown's Plating

Engine
Year: 1978
Model: FLH
Rebuilder: Urchin Cycles
Ignition: Magneto
Displacement: 80"
Lower end: Urchin Cycles
Balancing: Urchin Cycles
Pistons: H-D
Cases: H-D
Heads: H-D
Cam(s): Sifton
Lifters: Solids
Carb(s): Del Orto
Air Cleaner: Stax
Pipes: Upsweeps
Muffler: None

Frame
Year: ?
Builder: Urchin Cycles
Type: Rigid/Swingarm
Other Alterations: Reinforced

Accessories

Bars: Apes
Risers: 6"
Fenders: Rear flat
Headlight(s): Bates
Taillight: Side mount
Speedo: None
Front pegs: Drag/Stock H-D
Rear pegs: None
Electrics: Morris Mag
Gas tank: King Sportster
Oil tank: Santee
Oil system: Oil Cooler
Primary cover: 14 mm Primo Belt
Seat: Solo

Tranny

Modifications: Andrews
Year: '80
Shifting: Foot

Painting

Molding: Urchin Cycles
Painter: Urchin Cycles
Color: Candy blue
Type: Laquer
Special paint: Flames

Forks

Type: Springer
Extension: 9" over
Builder: Urchin
Special features: Chrome

Wheels

Front wheel size: 21" spool
Rear wheel size: 16"
Front hub: H-D
Rear hub: H-D
Front tire: Avon
Rear tire: Avon
Front brake: None
Rear brake: Disc





Brent started ridin seven years ago on a BSA, gettin into the lifestyle through peer pressure... he saw how much fun his bikin buddies were havin so he decided to get in on the action too. He's plannin on continuing the good times **when he rides his dresser down to Daytona for the upcomin Bike Week.** (This is written in the dead of the February winter.) Like we said, just a regular biker.

No changes are planned for the "Master of Reality", Brent intends to keep the bike "forever, then I'll pass it on to my son". That way the memory and the lifestyle will live on.

HARDBALL

(continued from page 27)

For a moment he was stunned by the use of his name, then he realized that she had simply read the handle off his jacket. She snatched up the twenty from the bar and rang the sale up on the register. Hardball's eyes never left her, not for a single moment. This little Mama was a very hot, and the the worst part about it was that she was well aware of it. She probably had half the men in town spending there money here like it was water; and none of them getting anything, except maybe the owner. If the owner wasn't, then he should have his head examined.

No amount of sweet talk would get you anywhere with a broad like this. She'd heard it all and she'd heard it often. He could tell that she liked being in control. A first class tease. Hardball could see that she got some kind of thrill out of flirting with a hardcore biker. She stared directly in his eyes again. "Where you heading?" He held her gaze and never lost that all-important eye contact; even when he slowly sipped the head of his beer.

"Montreal", he said. "You seem to know my name...what's yours?"

"Laura, I'm the day manager here," she replied. Hardball took another pull from his brew, his eyes never left Laura's.

"Tell me Laura," he said. "Does the day manager like to fuck?" Her mouth popped open in amazement and she began to blush. The trucker who had

been eating a hamburger, a few stools down, started coughing, apparently choking on the burger. Hardball downed the rest of his beer and pushed it across the counter at Laura. "Let's do it again," he said. She started to draw another mug. He reached across the bar, putting one of his huge mitts gently over the top of hers. She ceased pouring the beer, standing there not knowing what to do.

"I'd like another chilled mug," he said.

"Sure," she said, and once again turned around, bending over into the refrigeration unit. He really didn't care about the fresh mug but the opportunity for another look at that supreme little ass was not to be missed. She finally managed to draw the brew without dropping it and pushed it across the counter. She hit him again with those soul searching eyes.

"Do you always talk like that?"

"Like what?" he said.

"Well," she hesitated "I've never heard anyone be so blunt before."

"Well," Hardball began. "I usually speak my mind, but I didn't mean to frighten you. We really don't have to fuck, if you don't want to. We could play circus instead."

Laura shook her head, not understanding what she was hearing.

"What's circus?"

Hardball smiled at her and replied, "Well...it's a lot of fun...you get to sit on my face while I try to guess your weight."

Once again, a gagging noise made him look down the bar where the truck driver was sitting. The man was trying to

stuff a napkin in his mouth to keep from laughing. Tears were running down the man's cheeks. The trucker whirled around in his seat in order to face Laura and Hardball. His eyes were still running and he kept wiping the tears away with his finger—his entire body was shaking with laughter. The trucker took a pull from his brew, and leaned forward in anticipation of what might happen next.

It was at this point that Laura realized that she had met her match and made an attempt to say something flattering in an effort to make peace, or, if at all possible, to change the topic of conversation. She leaned forward, across the bar, sniffing the air. "Something smells good...what do you have on?"

He knew that she was refering to the Old Spice after shave that he had dosed on his jacket to cut down the smell of the road. He looked into her eyes and said, "Laura, what I have, is a hard-on, but I didn't know that you could smell it."

There was a loud whooshing noise, as the trucker blew a mouthful of beer and foam down the bar, spraying both Hardball and Laura.

"What time do you get off?" he said. She stared at him, thinking there was something about this old biker, something almost hypnotic, as if he knew something that no one else knew. She reflected for a moment and said, "My boyfriend is meeting me here at eight."

Hardball's finger flicked a quarter at Laura. "Call him and tell him that you have something else to do."

Laura picked up the quarter and walked out from behind the bar. She crossed the room to the pay phone.

The trucker stared at her. He was unable to believe what had just happened. The man could no longer contain his admiration for the biker's gift with women. "My friend," he said. "I've been stopping here for sex years now and I have seen more men hit on her then you could imagine. As far as I know, no one has ever scored before." I just wanted to tell you that my hats' off to you—I really learned something today. You played her like a fiddle."

The biker turned to face the man. "Actually, this is the second time I'm going to screw her...not the first."

Total bewilderment appeared on the tuck driver's face. The biker smiled at him. "If you'd been paying attention, you'd have noticed that I never paid for that second beer." □



"They're marking their territories!"

STRIP 'EM, CLEAN 'EM, RIDE 'EM

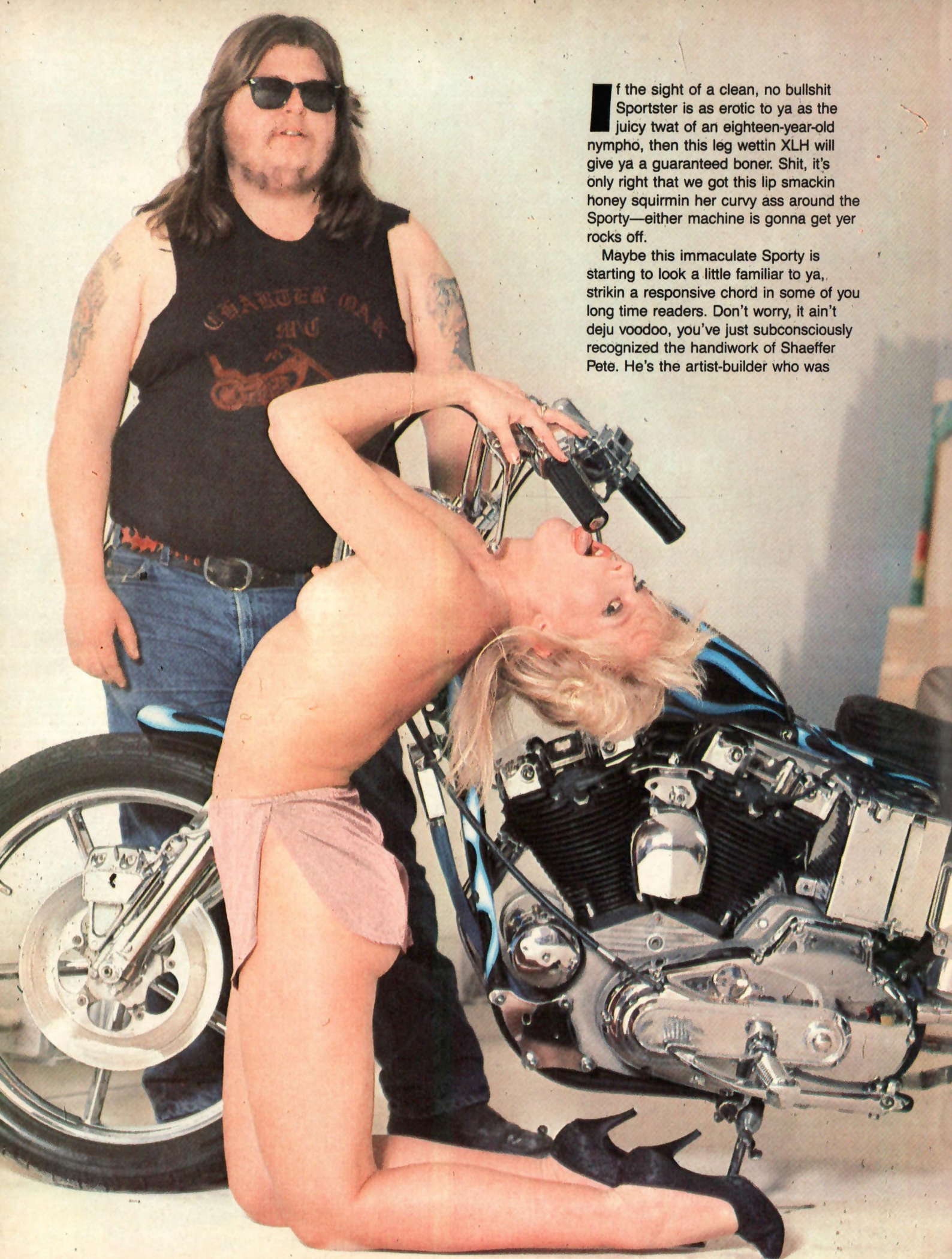
Photos By Rocky DiRico Story By Stick

How to Build a Class Sporty



If the sight of a clean, no bullshit Sportster is as erotic to ya as the juicy twat of an eighteen-year-old nympho, then this leg wettin XLH will give ya a guaranteed boner. Shit, it's only right that we got this lip smackin honey squirmin her curvy ass around the Sporty—either machine is gonna get yer rocks off.

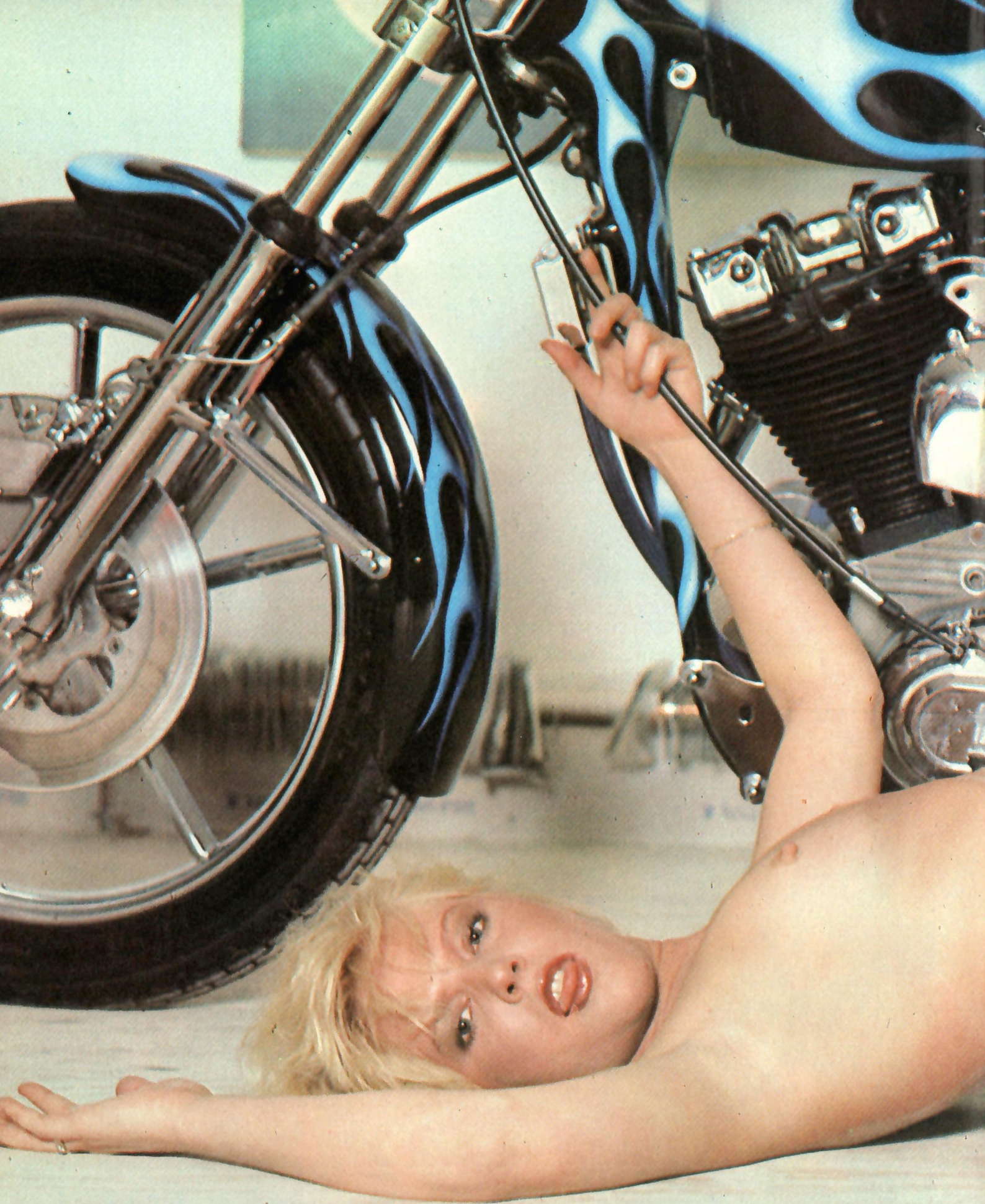
Maybe this immaculate Sporty is starting to look a little familiar to ya, strikin a responsive chord in some of you long time readers. Don't worry, it ain't deju voodoo, you've just subconsciously recognized the handiwork of Shaeffer Pete. He's the artist-builder who was

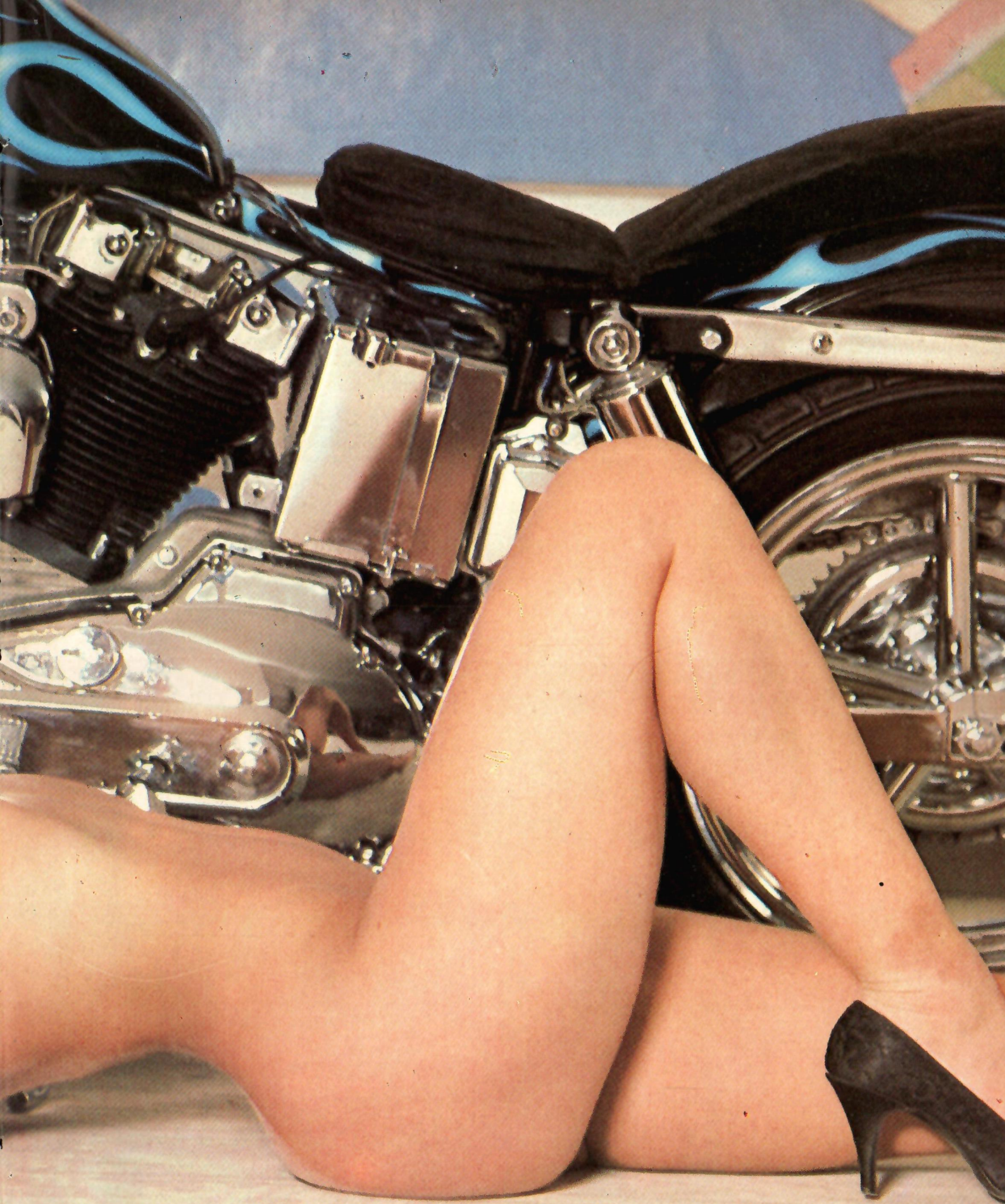












responsible for "Grim Reaper," the show Sporty featured in this rag about a year ago. That bike has a lot in common with this particular Sportster, which for three years has been the main ride for Chops of the Charter Oaks M.C.

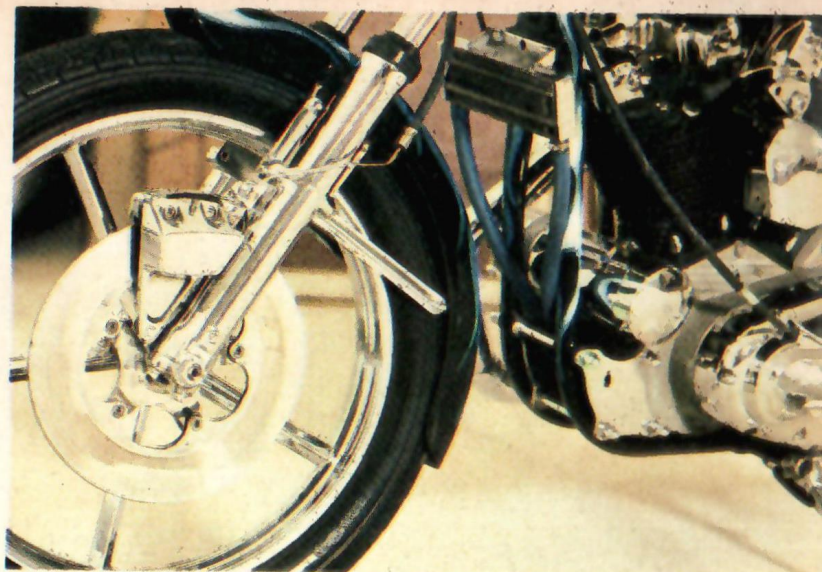
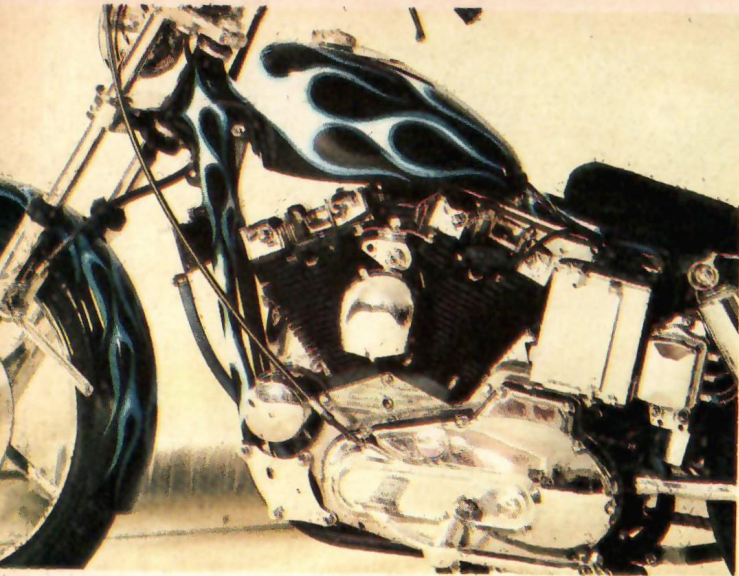
Both bikes are older, pre-'78 Sporties, before the infamous frame change that began with the introduction of the XLCR. Both bikes are fine examples of that type of custom building that takes stock sleds and refines em to the max—till not a single nut on the bike remains untouched, uncleaned, unchromed, or unpainted. All the unnecessary bullshit is trashed; useless stuff like turn signals and speedos are tossed until you've got nothin left but a motorcycle. This is somethin that ya can't do with the Jap bike, cause once you've trashed all the useless shit off a Japper there's nothin left but gas and oil.

Chops bought this bike used from a brother in his club, and it was stone stock when he got it. He and Schaeffer Pete worked together on the Sportster, duplicating the paint scheme of a dead bro's bike as a tribute to his memory.

Chops has been bikin for ten years, startin out on a '75 Sporster. He says he's, "always had an interest" in bikes, ever since he was a kid. He realized those bikin ambitions aboard Harleys. It's been only Harley-Davidsons for Chops, but he's far more tolerant of other makes than most of his fellow red-blooded American Iron riders. When it was discovered that the Staten Island sweetie named Dani who was clamberin her clam all over his XLH, rode a Honda







Tech Sheet

Owner: Chops, Charter Oaks M.C.

General

Fabrication by: Owner & Schaeffer Pete

Year and make: 1976 H-D

Model: XLH Sportster

Value: ????

Assembly by: Owner and Pete

Chroming by: Acme, Stamford, Ct

Engine

Year: 1976

Model: XLH

Rebuilder: Dan Volstead

Ignition: Battery/Coil

Displacement: 61"

Lower end: S&S

Balancing: Hammer

Pistons: S&S

Cases: H-D

Heads: Ported, polished, triple chrome valves

Cam(s): PB plus

Lifters: Solids

Carb(s): S&S L series

Air Cleaner: S&S

Pipes: Gooseneck

Muffler: None

Frame

Year: 1976

Builder: H-D

Type: Sportster

Rake: Stock

Stretch: None

Other Alterations: Molding

Accessories

Bars: Pullbacks

Risers: H-D

Fenders: Cut front/Early rear

Headlight(s): Stock

Taillight: Stock

Speedo: None

Front pegs: Drag

Rear pegs: Drag

Electrics: Stock

Gas tank: H-D

Oil tank: Stock

Oil system: Oil cooler

Primary cover: Chrome H-D

Seat: Custom crushed velvet

Tranny

Modifications: Andrews 3rd. Barnett clutch

Year: 1976

Shifting: Foot

Painting

Molding: Schaeffer Pete

Painter: Pete

Color: Black

Type: Laquer

Special paint: Ice Flames

Forks

Type: Narrow

Extension: Stock

Builder: H-D

Special features: Chromed reflector shaved

Wheels

Front wheel size: Super Spokes

Rear wheel size: Super Spokes

Front hub: S&S

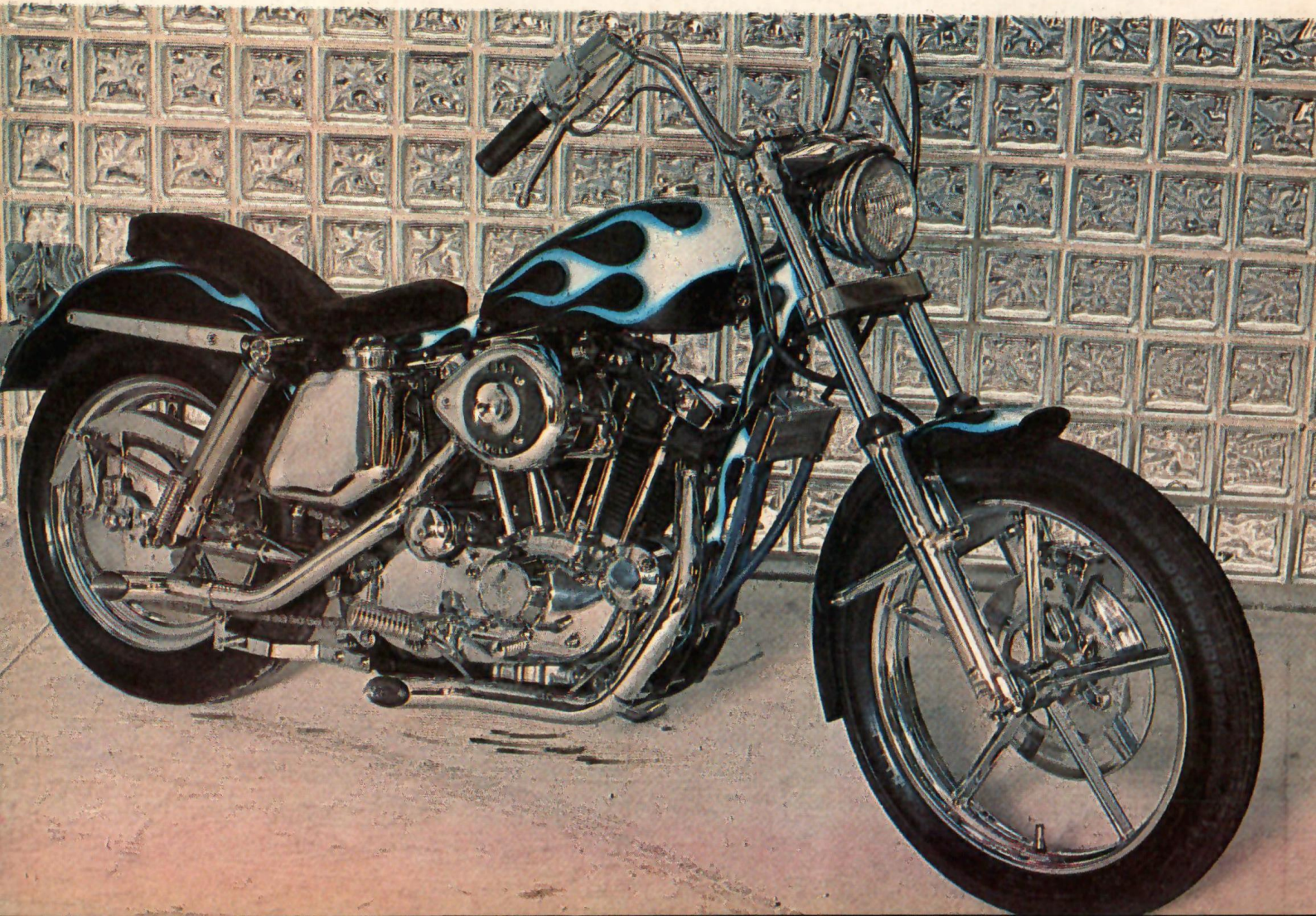
Rear hub: S&S

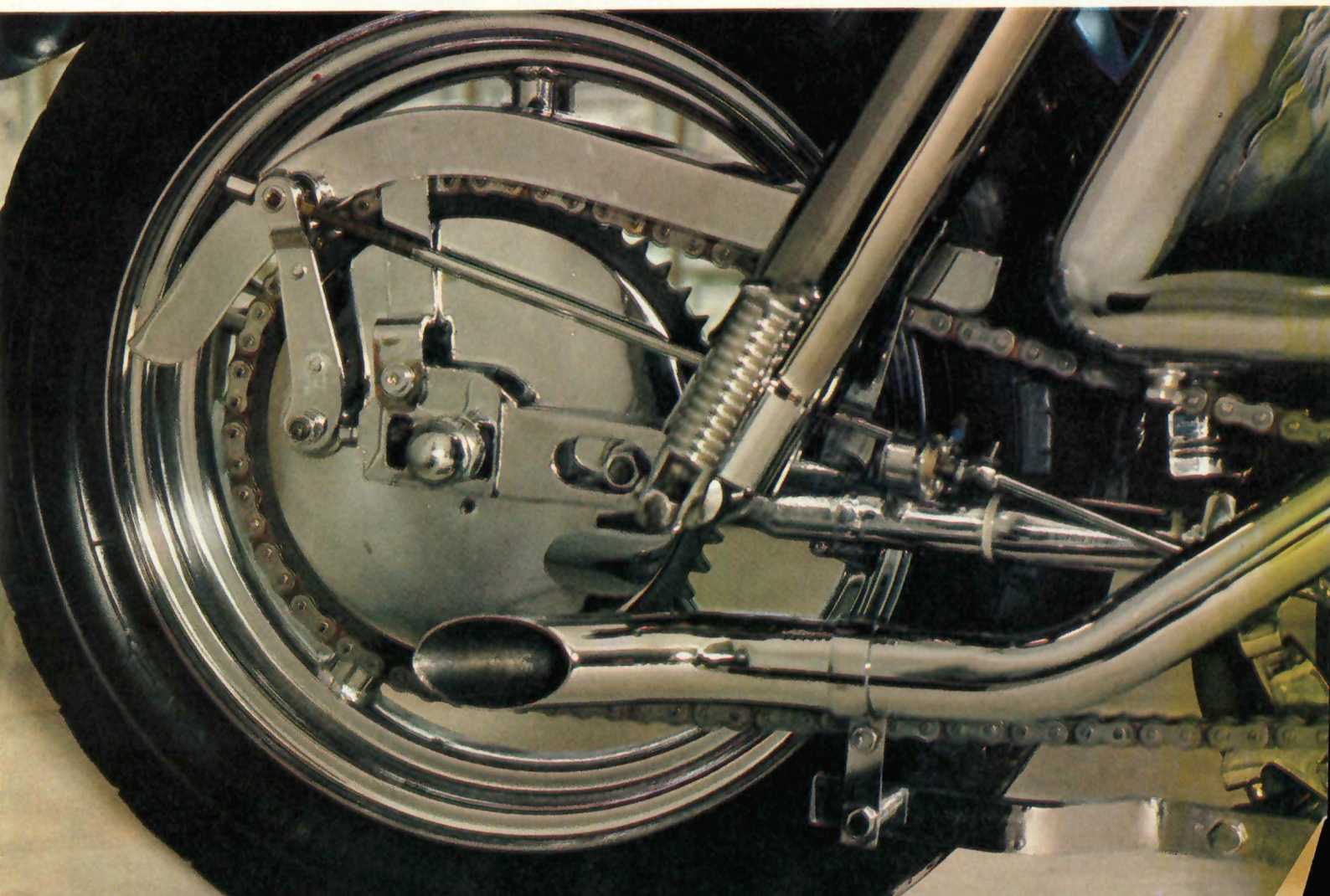
Front tire: Conti V rated

Rear tire: Conti V rated

Front brake: Disc

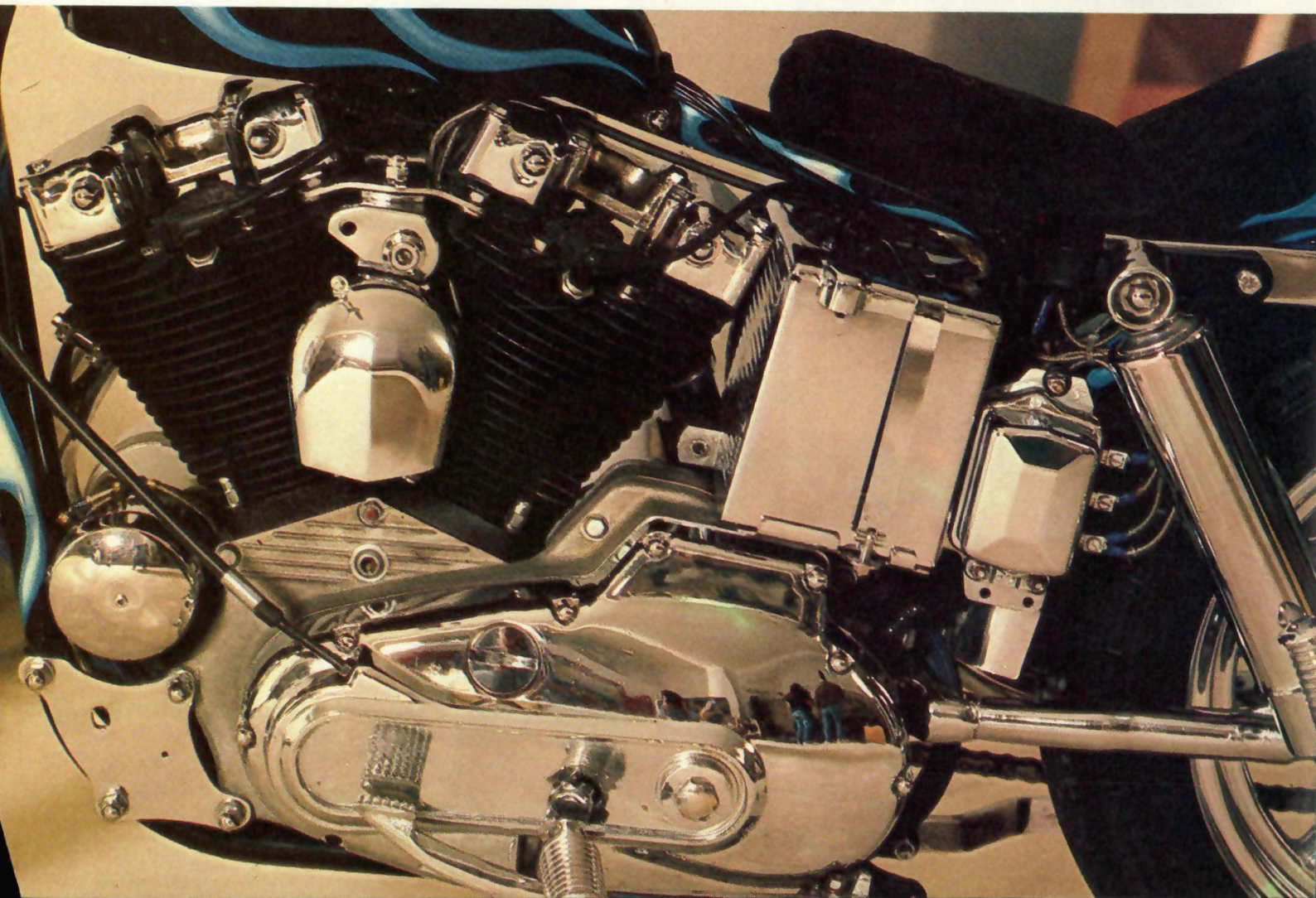
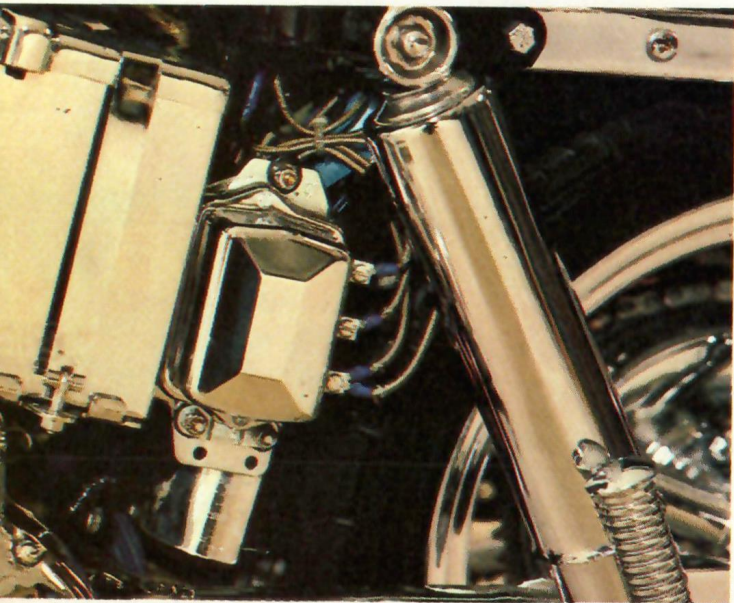
Rear brake: Drum





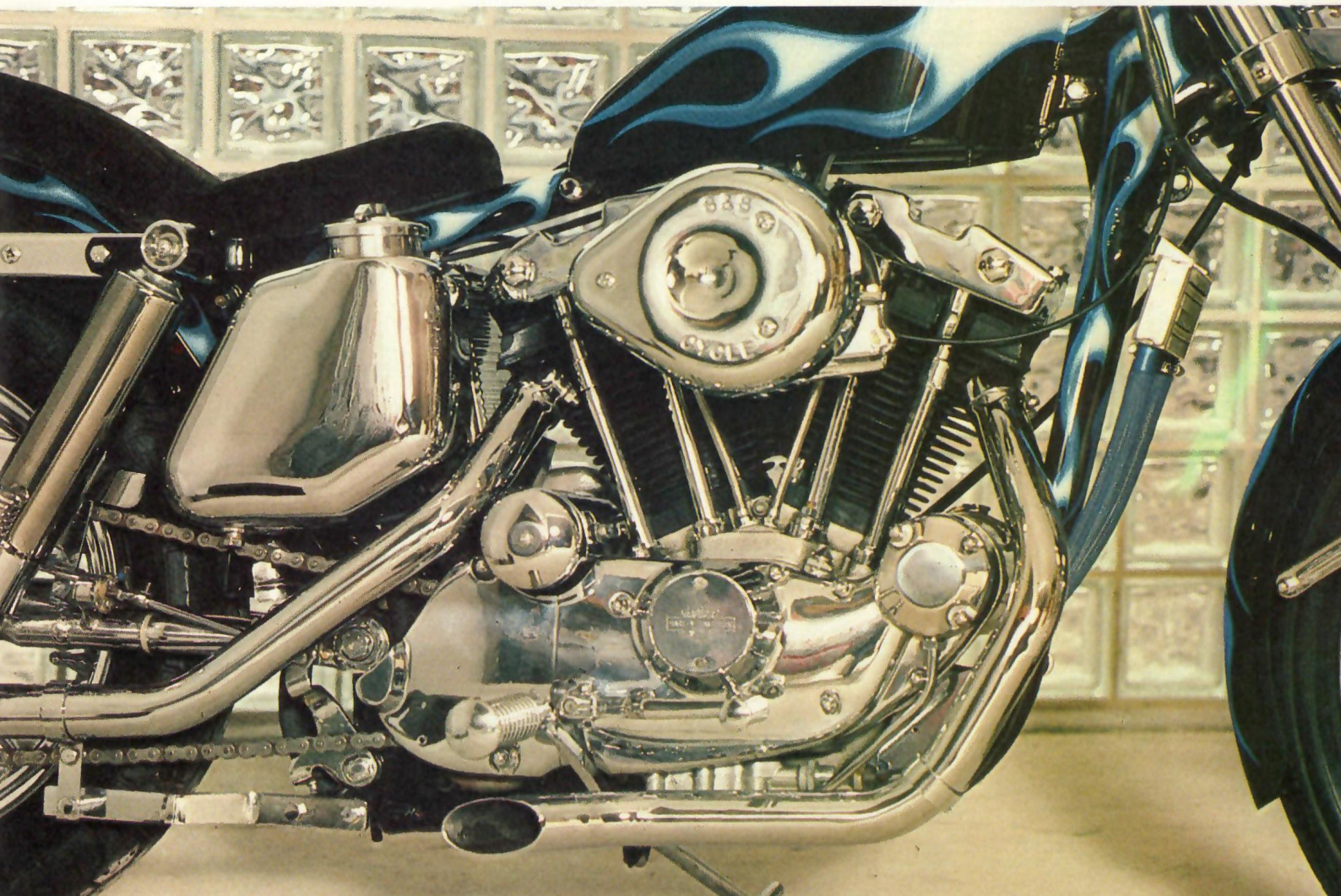
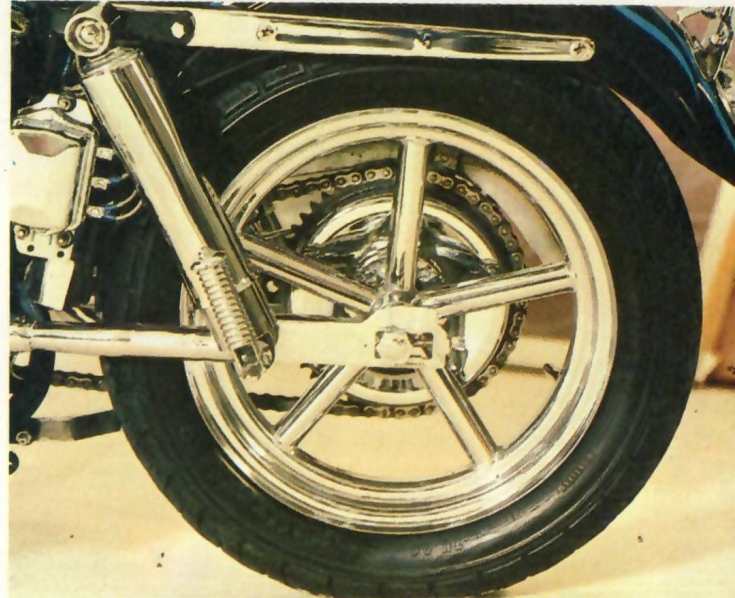
scooter in her spare time, Chops took it all in stride. Instead of rippin the Sporster out from under her, he merely said, "As long as it's got two wheels it's O.K. with me." Course who could be anything but cordial around a luscious seat cover like Dani?

As far as the new Harleys go, Chops' only comment was, "I haven't looked into it yet." The new 883 and 1100 Sporsters will have to carry on without Chops who already has his dream machine.



There are no changes planned for the '76 Sporty, cause as Chops says, it's already "as stripped as you can get it." But then again there's always room for more horsepower, so a stroker could soon be in the development stage. The bike has seen action on the show circuit recently, but has yet to cop any first place trophies, which reflects on the quality of judging rather than the super-clean Sporty.

Special thanks go out to the Charter Oaks M.C. from Chops, "for everything." □

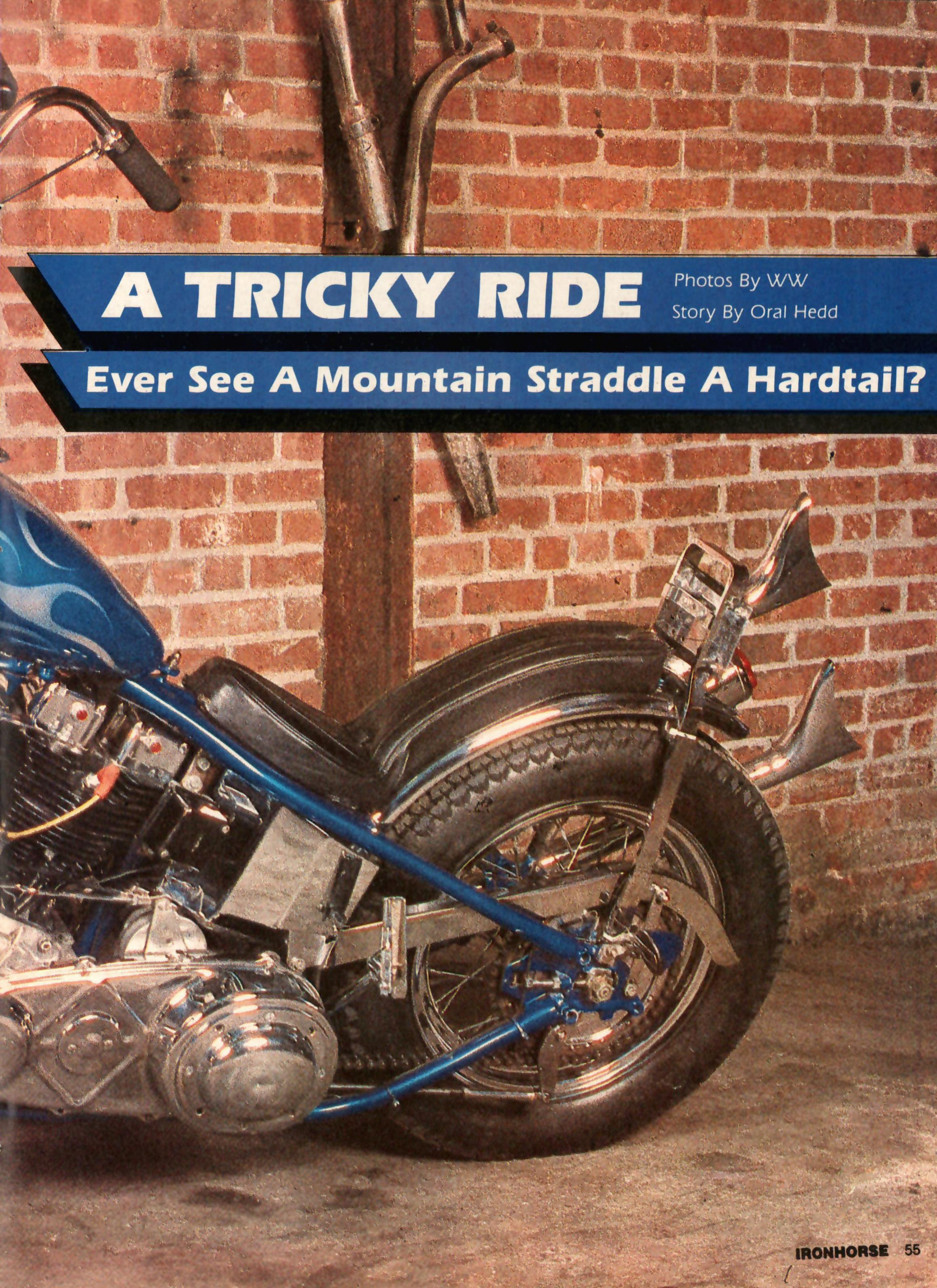


URCHIN

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A blue and chrome motorcycle is leaning against a red brick wall. The motorcycle features a blue frame, a chrome engine, and a black seat. The rear wheel is visible, and the motorcycle is positioned diagonally across the frame. The background is a red brick wall with some metal pipes visible at the top.

A TRICKY RIDE

Photos By WW

Story By Oral Hedd

Ever See A Mountain Straddle A Hardtail?



This has to be an issue for the super heavyweight crowd; shit, we had to use extra staples in this rag just to keep the pages from tearin loose and breakin somebody's toe. Be advised that this issue of Iron Horse can be classed in some states as a lethal weapon, coming under the category of bludgeon. We got the two terrific twins from the West, John and Little Dick, who could sink an aircraft carrier with their little toes, and representing the East is the titanic Tricky, often mistaken for one of the Appalachian mountains. Talk about yer giant sized issues.

Tricky is just the kinda guy you'd expect to find on a Harley. Can ya imagine the Trickster on some Oriental hunk of aluminum? If ya can imagine it, ya probably wind up with the mental

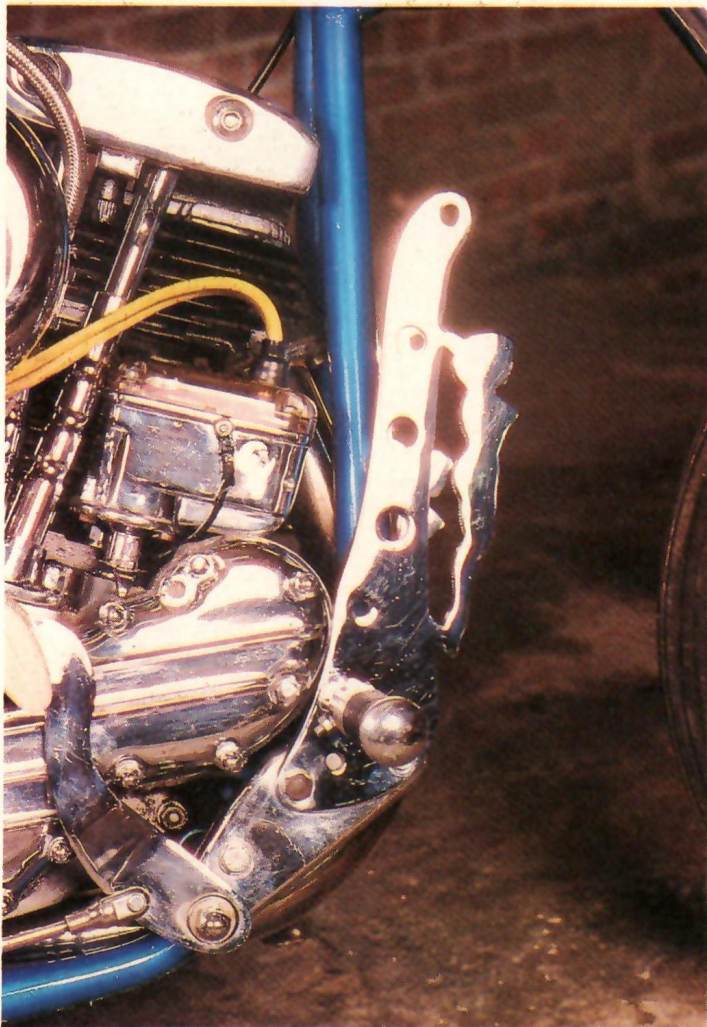
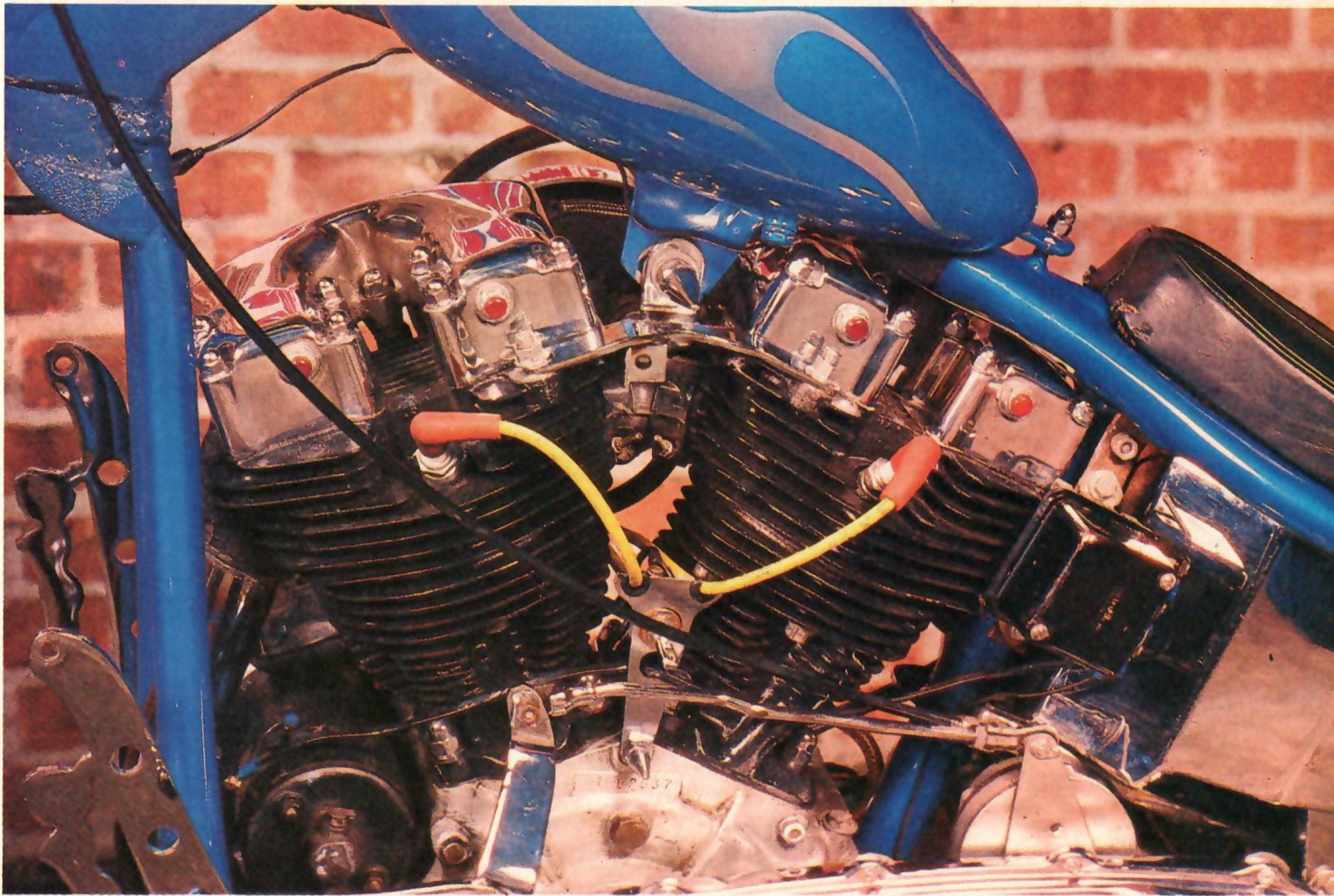
picture of a crumpled up heap of plastic and pot metal with Tricky in the middle, a valley sized smile on his face. Hell, to tell the truth, he's cracked more than his share of rigid frame Harleys, as his bro Brent says, "He's just too big, man."

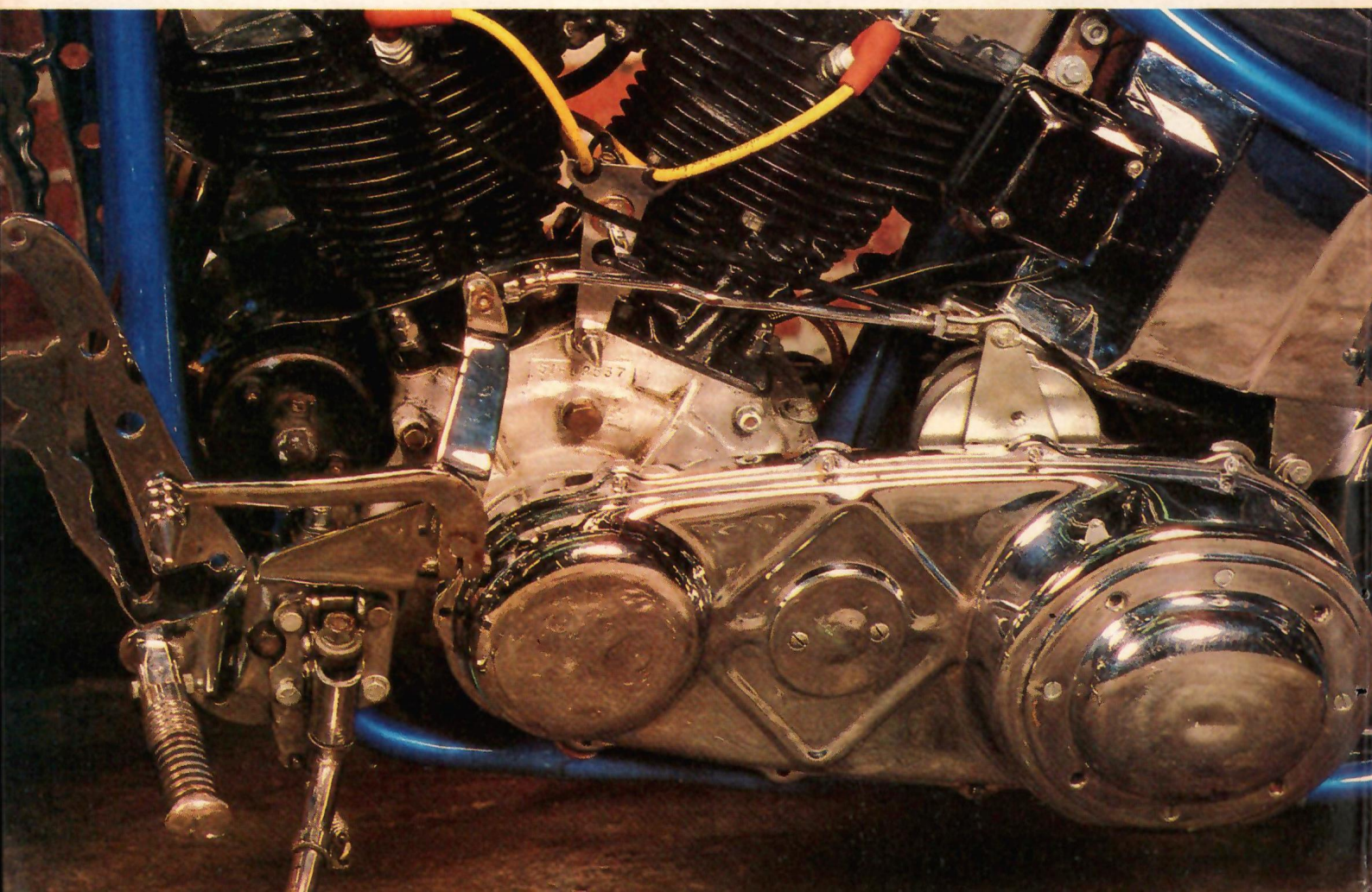
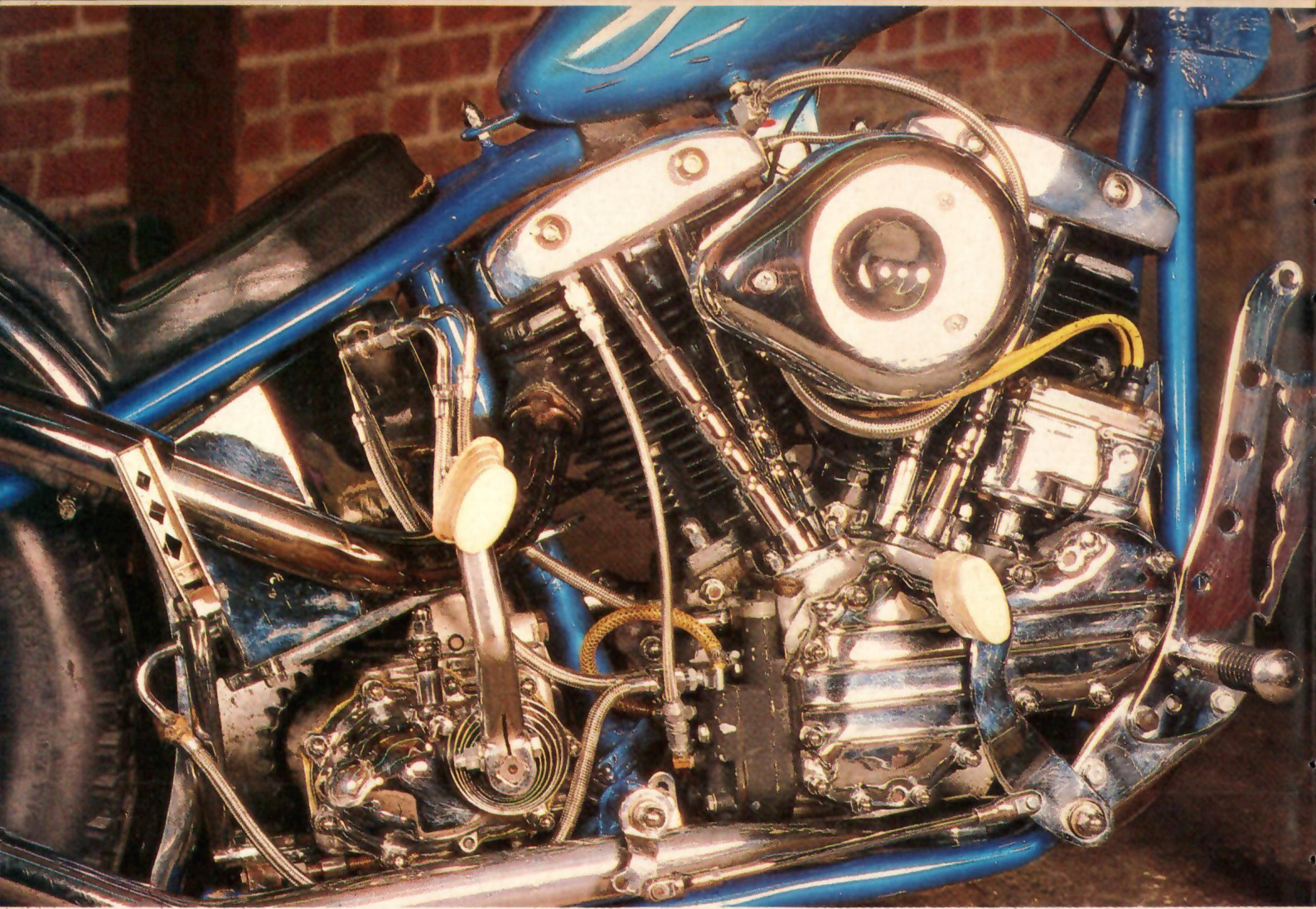
Anyhow this current ride of Tricky's, the blue rigid with the silver flames, has held up for a year and a half under its hard ridin owner, but that ain't too surprisin considerin it was built by Richie Urchin. Actually, this '51-'77 Pan/Shovel is the man-mountain's first motorcycle and he had it for three years before Richie worked his magic on it. The somewhat stock '51 Pan was runnin but that's about it. Richie stripped all the unessentials off the bike and cherried out what was left, until what remained was a 450 pound jewel, coincidentally, the same weight as Tricky's bench presses.

When asked how the rigid rides under his 340 lb. tonnage, Tricky would only say, "it's beat, man." A rigid's a rough ride to begin with, as Tricky says, "Nobody around here wants to run a hardtail, they're all on dressers and shocks. Me, Ronnie, Brent and about seven other guys are the only ones up here on rigids."

Soon after these shots were taken, Tricky started tearin down his bike with plans for a new paint job in mind. He's thinkin of pearl white with orange flames. Seems that folks were copyin his blue paint job but according to Tricky, "that's alright, they're brothers... I just want somthin different."

He's got somethin different every time he takes his righteous ride out though, everybody's seen a motorcycle on a mountain but not too many folks have seen a mountain on motorcycle. ☐







Tech Sheet

Owner: Tricky
City: New Rochelle, NY

General

Fabrication by: Urchin Cycles
Year and make: 1951 H-D
Model: FL
Value: Too Much
Assembly by: Urchin Cycles
Chroming by: Brown's Plating

Engine

Year: 51-77
Model: Pan/Shovel
Rebuilder: Urchin Cycles
Ignition: Magneto
Displacement: 80
Lower end: 80" flywheel
Balancing: Urchin Cycles
Pistons: H-D
Cases: Stock
Heads: Stock
Cam(s): Stock
Lifters: Solids
Carb(s): Bendix
Air Cleaner: Round
Pipes: Fishtails
Muffler: None

Frame

Year: 1957
Builder: H-D
Type: Straighttag
Rake: Stock
Stretch: Stock
Other Alterations: Molding

Accessories

Bars: Apehangers
Risers: 8
Fenders: Flat
Headlight(s): Aftermarket
Taillight: Aftermarket
Speedo: None
Front pegs: Aftermarket
Rear pegs: Aftermarket
Electrics: Mag
Gas tank: Mustang
Oil tank: Wraparound
Oil system: Stock
Primary cover: H-D
Seat: Very flat

Tranny

Modifications: Stock
Year: Late
Shifting: Foot

Painting

Molding: Urchin Cycles
Painter: Urchin Cycles
Color: Candy Blue
Type: Laquer
Special paint: Silver flame

Forks

Type: Wide Glide
Extension: yep
Builder: H-D and Rupp
Special features: Shroud and chroming

Wheels

Front wheel size: 19
Rear wheel size: 17
Front hub: H-D
Rear hub: H-D
Front tire: Avon
Rear tire: Avon
Front brake: None
Rear brake: Drum

TUCSON TRIKE

Three-Wheeled Family: Wildman, Cindy & Bobo

Photos by WW

Wildman and Cindy aren't merely bikers to the bone, they also get off on the deep throated growl of a stout dobie almost as much as they do from the roar of a Harley, which makes em doubly good people in our book.

They dig their own pinscher so much, in fact, that they built a Harley trike for the express purpose of haulin "Bobo" to Sturgis. That 6000 mile round trip was the Harley hound's first jaunt, and it's set the stage for all their future runs.

Whenever the sound of the big Harley cranks through the air, Bobo jumps into







Tech Sheet

Owner: Wildman and Cindy
City: Tucson, AZ

General

Fabrication by: Creative Cycle and Wildman
Year and make: '77 H-D
Model: '77-Trike
Value: \$5,000
Assembly by: S & J Garage
Chroming by: Who?

Engine

Year: 1977
Model: 74
Rebuilder: Fred
Ignition: Battery/coil
Displacement: 80 cubes
Lower end: Fred
Balancing: Fred
Pistons: H-D
Cases: H-D
Heads: H-D
Cam(s): H-D
Lifters: H-D
Carb(s): S&S
Air Cleaner: S&S
Pipes: H-D
Muffler: H-D

Frame

Year: ?
Builder: H-D, Creative Cycles
Type: Trike
Rake: 40 degrees
Stretch: None
Other Alterations: Lots

Accessories

Bars: 8" pullbacks
Risers: H-D
Fenders: None
Headlight(s): CCI
Taillight: CCI
Speedo: CCI
Front pegs: CCI
Rear pegs: None
Electrics: 12 volts
Gas tank: 3.5 gal
Oil tank: Wraparound
Oil system: H-D
Primary cover: H-D
Seat: Drag

Tranny

Modifications: 3 speed
Year: '77
Shifting: Hand

Painting

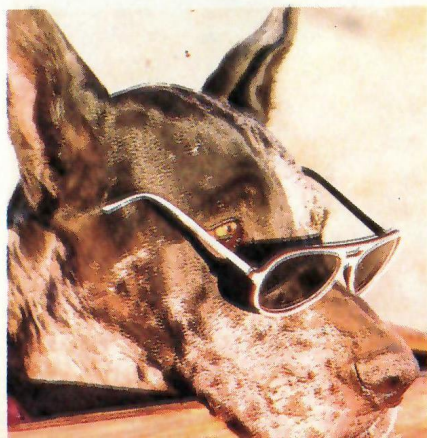
Molding: Bruce
Painter: Bruce
Color: Blue
Type: Laquer
Special paint: None

Forks

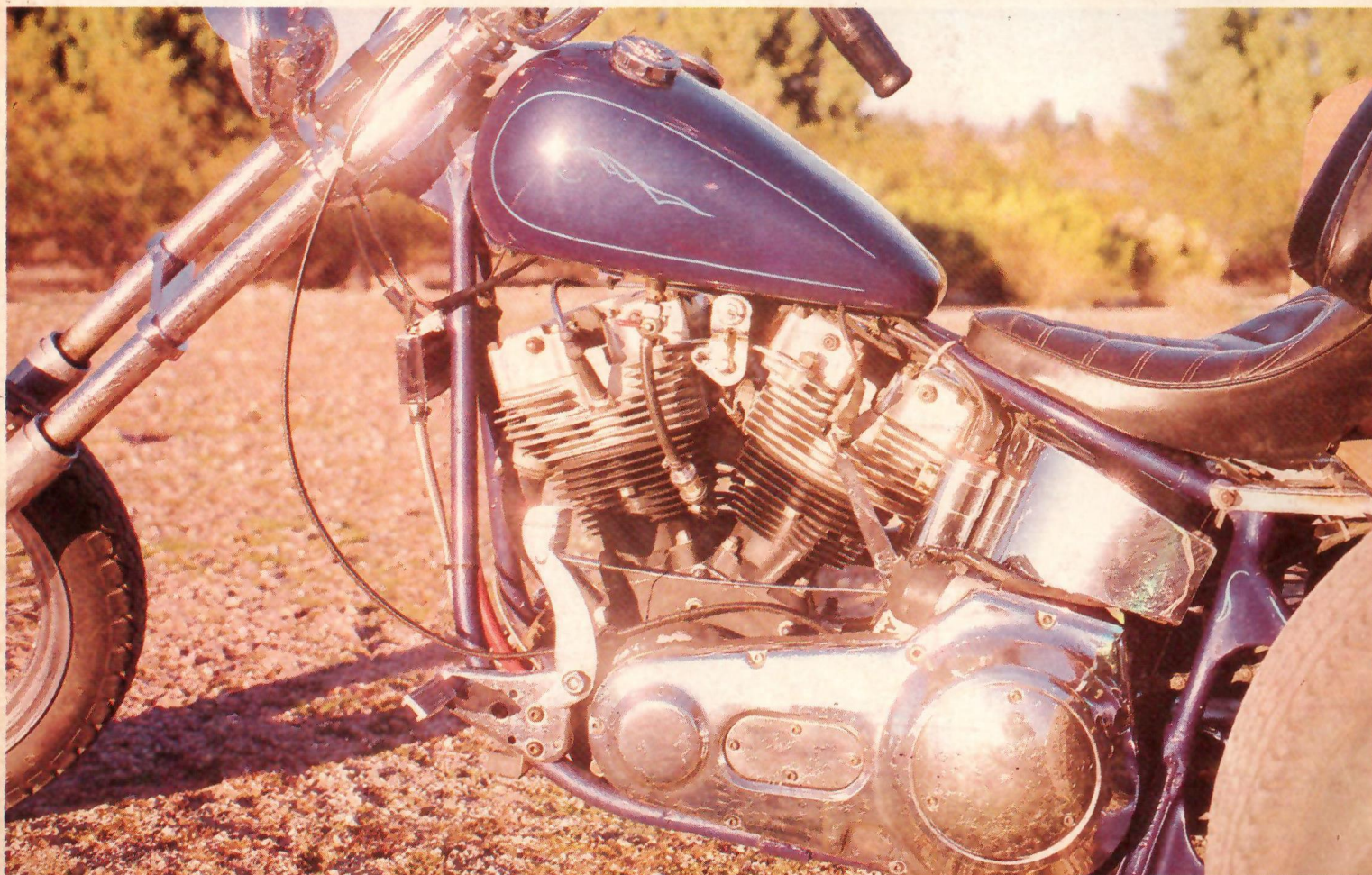
Type: Wide Glide
Extension: 6"
Builder: Creative Cycles

Wheels

Front wheel size: 4.10x19"
Front hub: H-D
Front tire: Dunlop
Rear tire: Dunlop
Front brake: None
Rear brake: Shoes







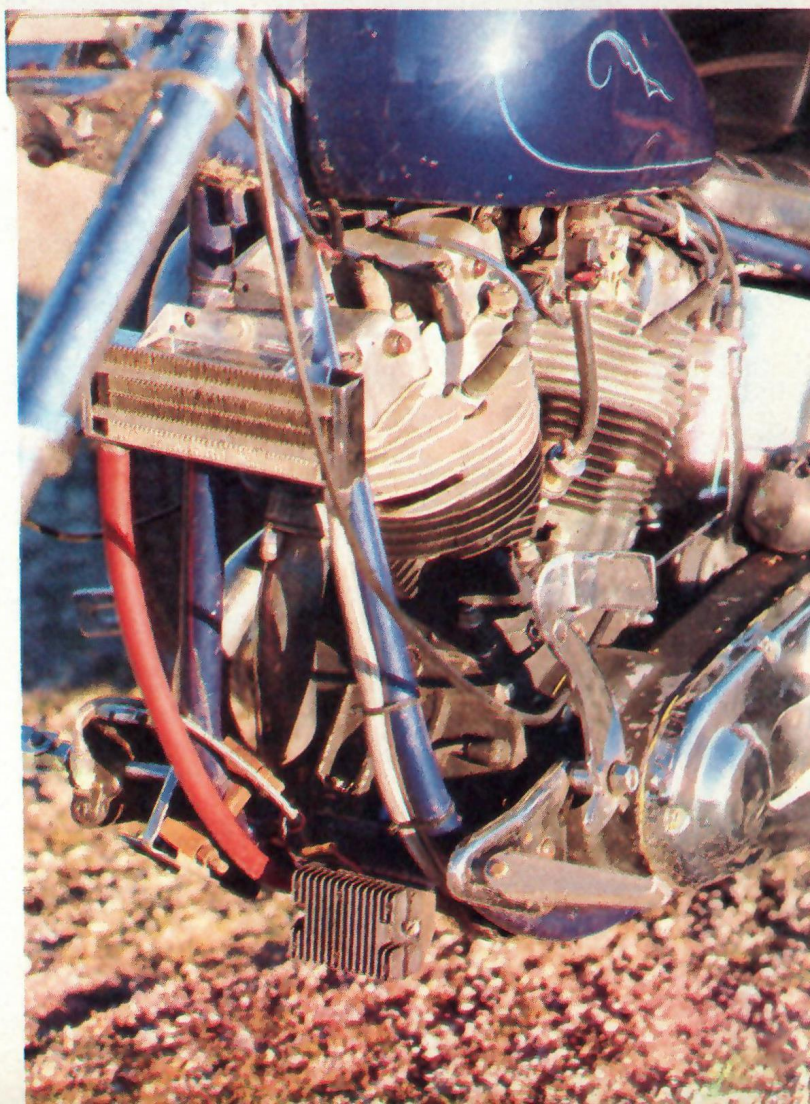




the back of the trike and sits there with a big grin on his face ready for the feel of the wind in his fur, and bugs in his fangs.

But that's only half the story. The other half concerns Cindy's first Harley, which coincidentally happens to be this same '77 FLH trike. After puttin around on a Triumph 350 for a while, Cindy says, "One day Wildman tells me, 'We gotta get you on a Harley, it's time!' And that was that. We wanted a trike so that Bobo could ride with us, and so I could deliver parts for the garage."

No doubt after word gets around about the kind of delivery system that the S & J Garage employs, Wildman's business should go through the roof. But just in case anybody gets the wrong idea





about a lithe, tanned, blonde haired, female type delivery person, Bobo will be there to straighten em out.

The trike was begun two years ago by Creative Cycles of Tucson and completed by Wildman at S & J. It's gettin so that H-D trikes are becoming a vanishing breed, replaced by the VW powered trike, which seems to almost everywhere these days.

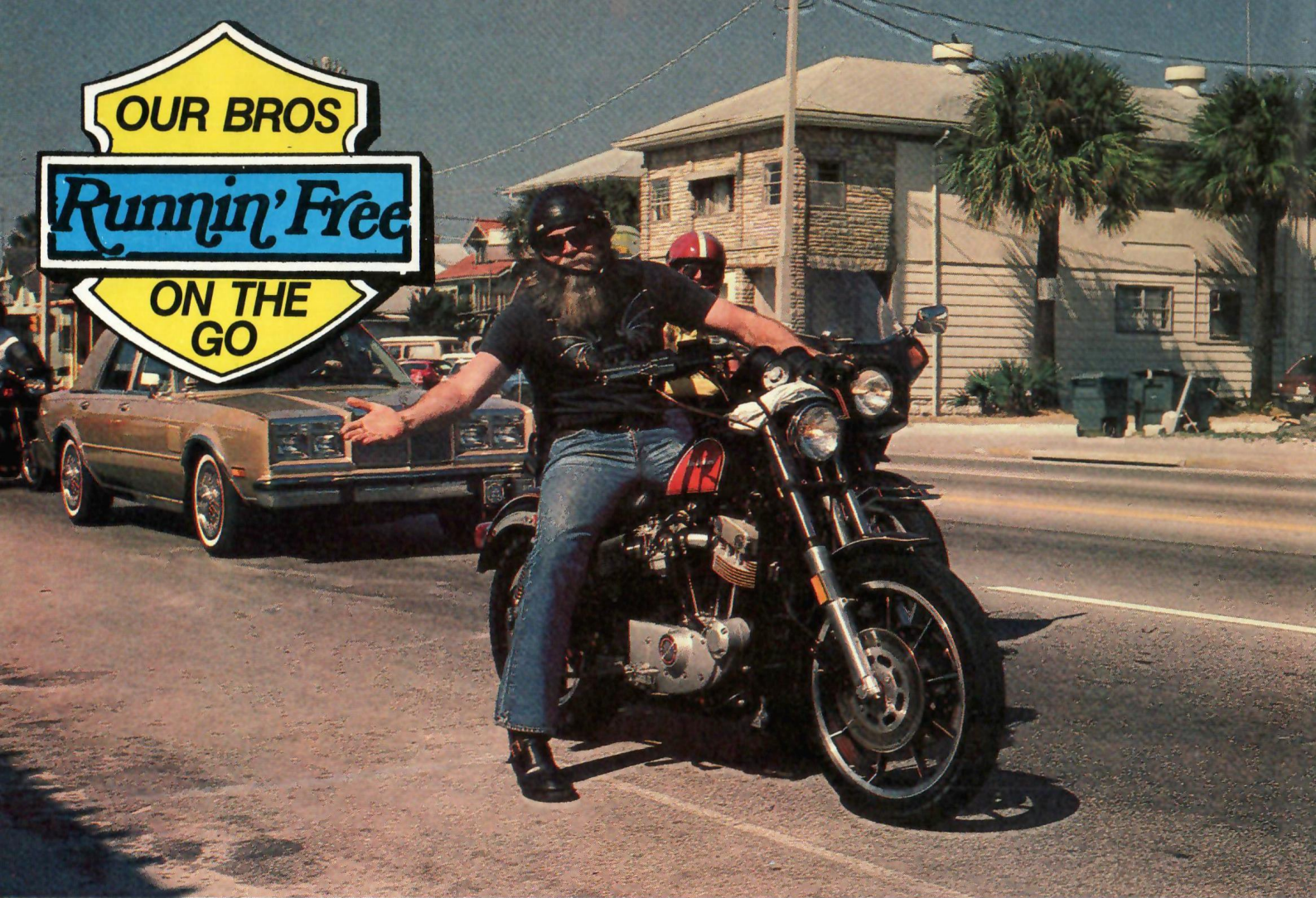
"People comment on the fact that it's an H-D three wheeler and not a Volkswagen," says Cindy. "They also like the idea of me driving it."

And to that we say amen. ☐

Special Thanks Dept. From Cindy to sister Debbie: Thanks for the shirt. And to Wildman: Thanks for everything.



OUR BROS
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Lee Castle, Milan, MI

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size), color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4), and exceptionally clear color prints. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement and freedom of biking. (Be sure to write your name and address on each print or slide that you send. Oh, yeah—we now pay \$20 for every black-and-white photo and \$35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to **Iron Horse**, P.O. Box 2163, New York, N.Y. 10116.



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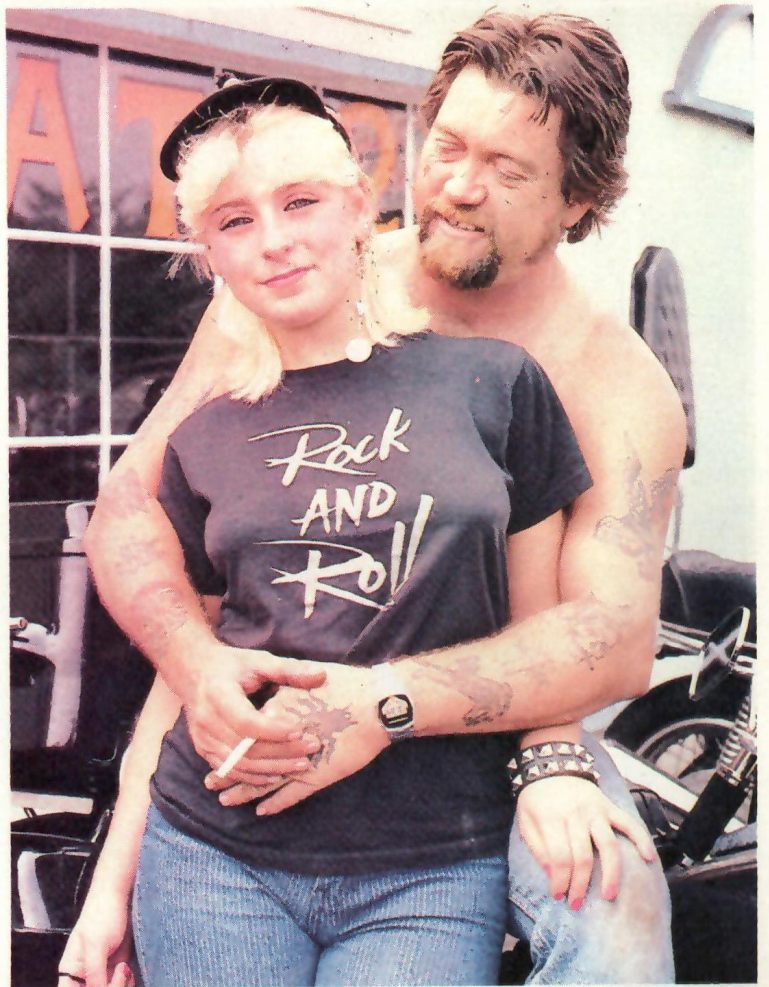


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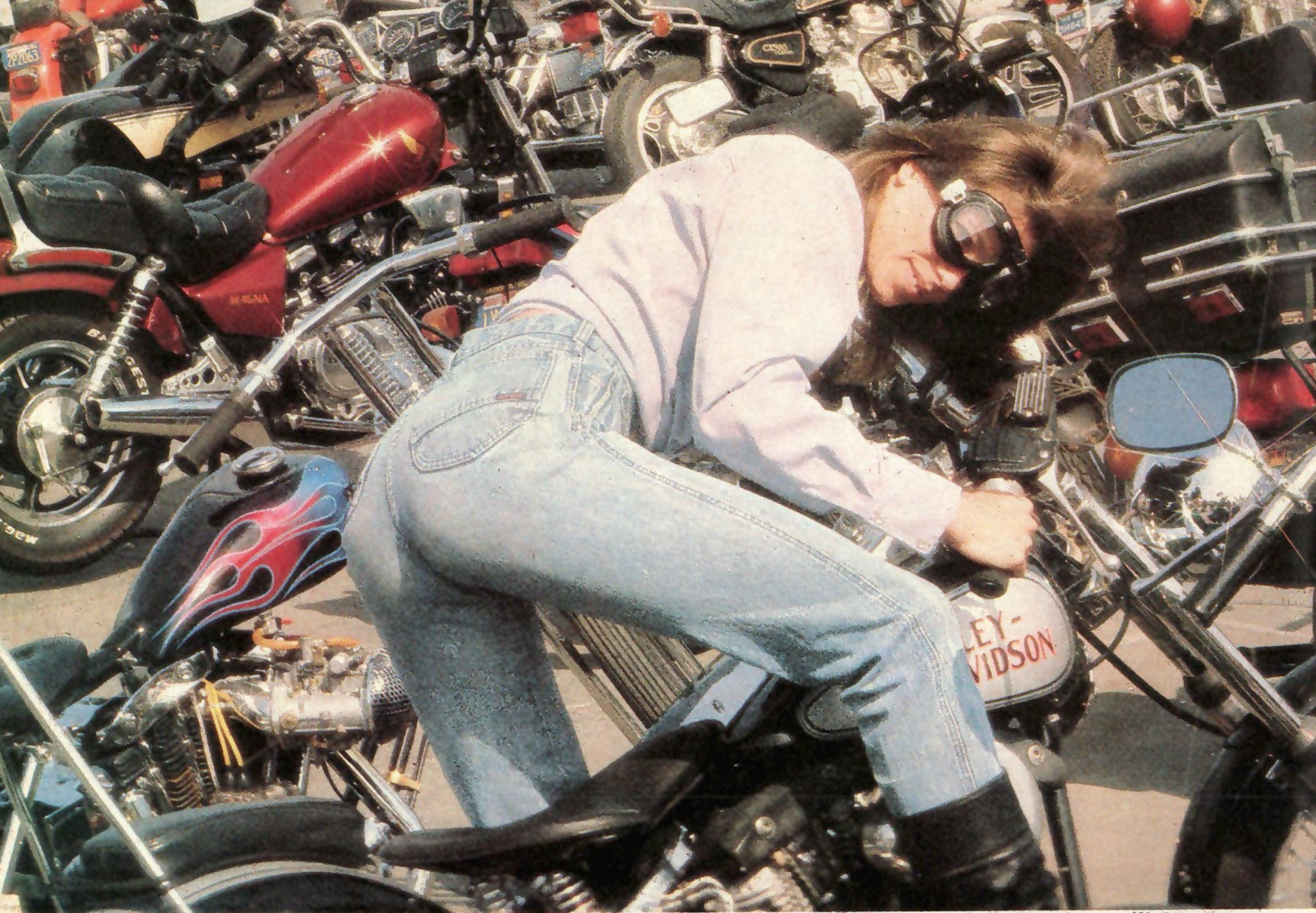


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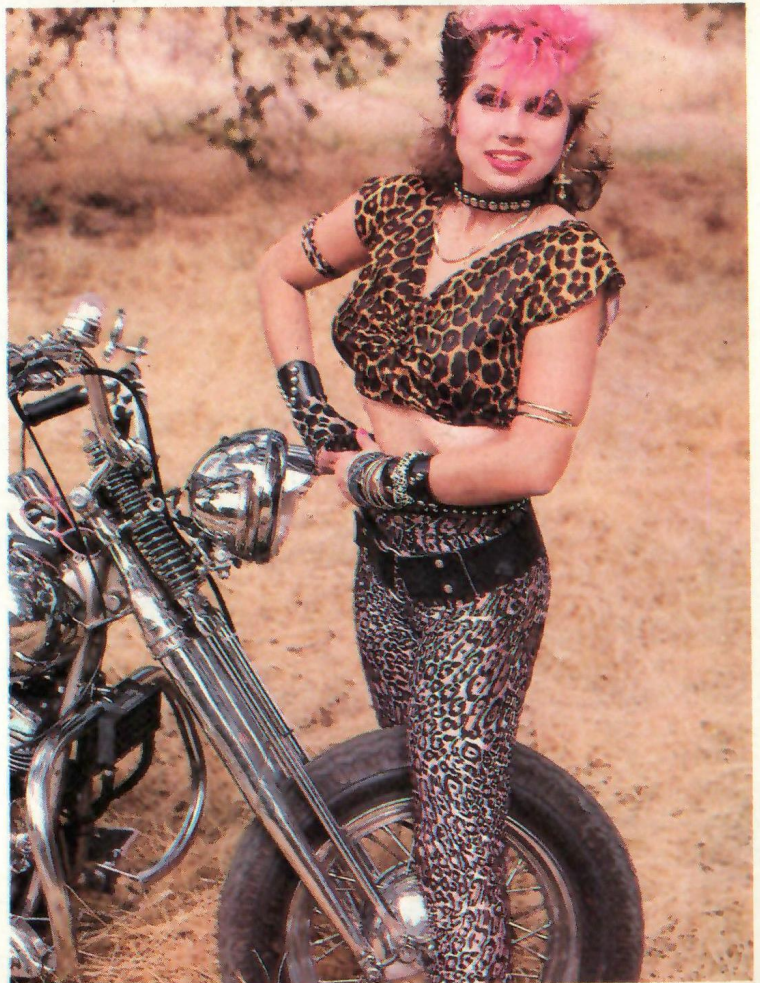
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W. Billy, CA



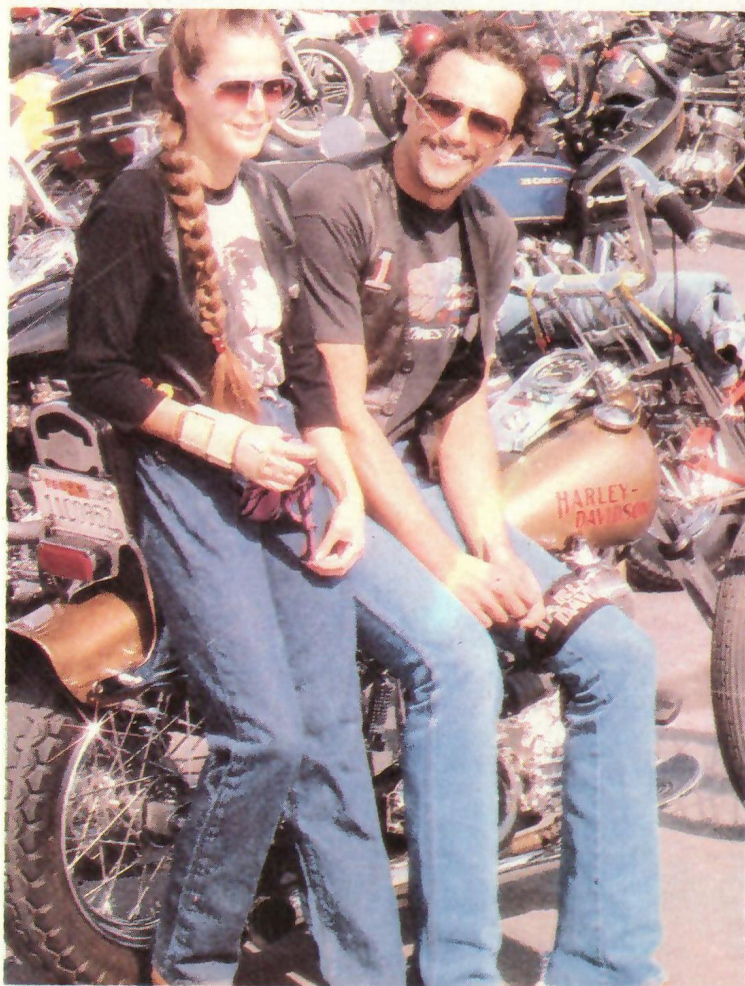
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W. Billy, CA



W. Billy, CA

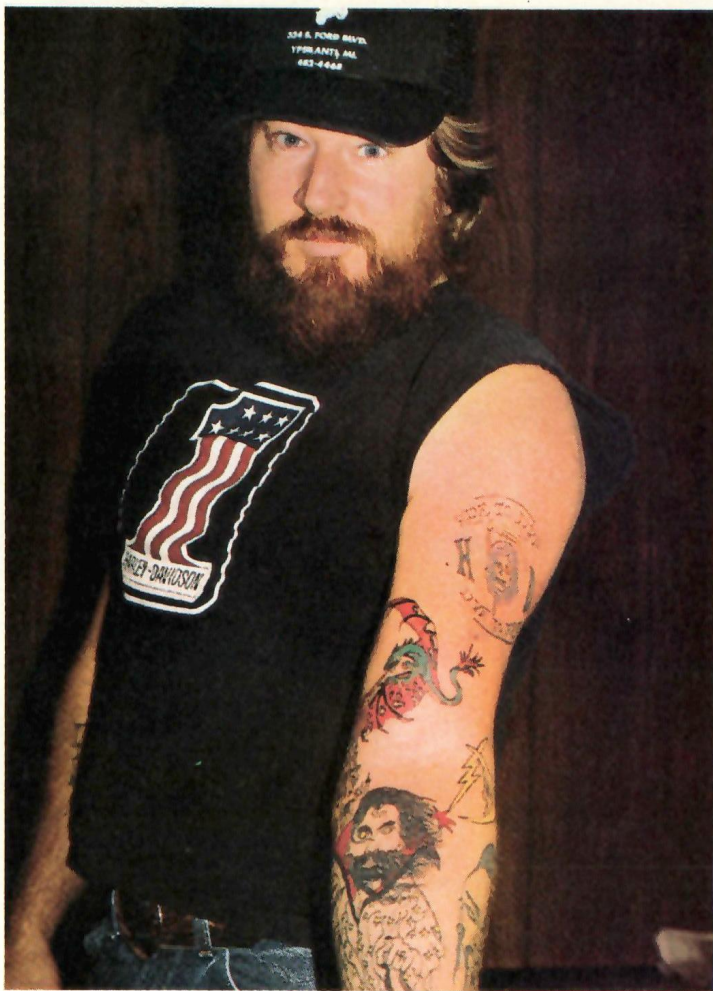


W. Billy, CA



W. Billy, CA





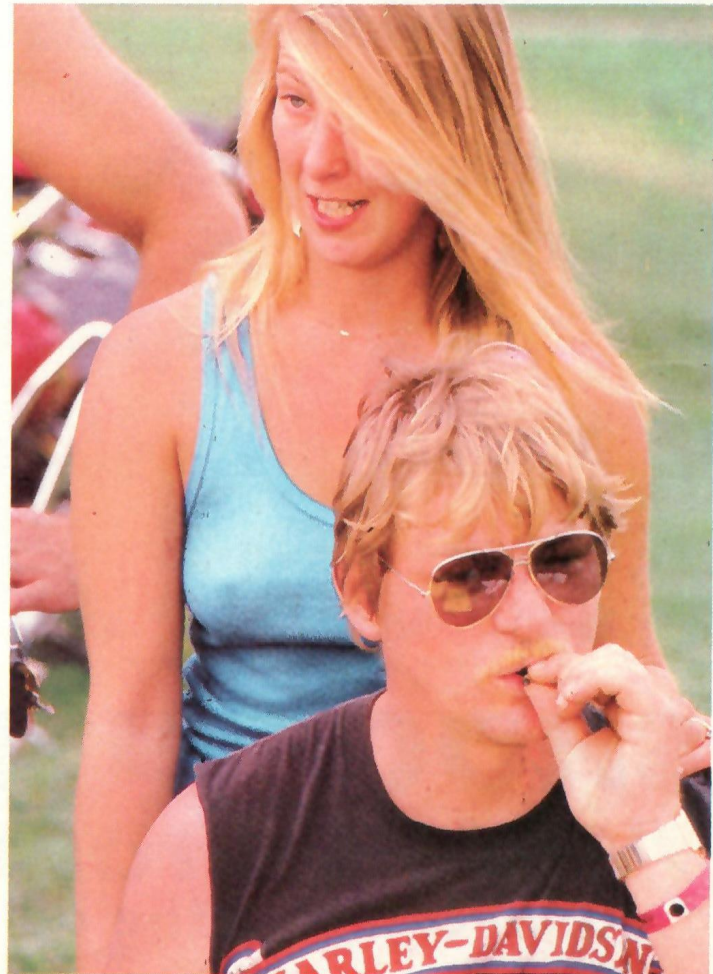
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SHOOTIN' THE BREEZE

A View From A Broad* By Carol Jones
***Not necessarily the opinion of the management.**

The March sun warmed my tender redheaded skin as I headed for the hills. At last I could feel the wind in my face again, the stifling city streets of Phoenix had confined me for too long. As the miles of I-17 fell away beneath the wheels of my sleek black Super Glide, I could feel the weight of the past few months lifting from my shoulders. At least for this weekend nobody was going to be able to tell me to cook for 'the bros' or make another beer run cuz they were all too sloshed to do it. But most of all I was going to polish MY BIKE and no one was going to try to ride it cuz after all it just belonged to Rags' ol lady. I had worked two jobs for over a year to be able to plunk down cash for this baby and she is now all mine. As I headed west on the Carefree Highway even the bitterness about the way my old man of eight months did me started to dissipate into the wind. Self centered he was and mean when he was drunk and not always the best in bed, but he had taught me enough about my black Baby that I could feel comfortable taking off alone with my tool kit and not worry. That much I did owe him.

The Carefree Highway lived up to its name; the desert in March was brilliant with cactus blooms in every imaginable color. The air was warm and clear again after all winter in Phoenix's noxious rush hour and snowbird traffic. There was a spot under the huge saguaro about half a mile off the road that seemed to be inviting me to sunbathe on the knoll behind it. "Well, Baby, lets see what kind of dirt bike that you are." Baby rumbled cautiously around the many rocks, holes, and jumped cactus that seemed bent on attacking the new Dunlops I'd just given her; she crossed the small stretch of desert like we'd been doing it forever.

The sheepskin seatcover that always cushioned my ass soon became a comfortable blanket as I soaked up the sun. I was far enough from the road that most traffic wouldn't notice me behind the knoll, so my T-shirt made a good pillow. Strangely enough there didn't even seem to be any creepy crawlies that wanted to disturb me and the sun soon lulled me to sleep. Was it in the distance or in my dreams? That distinctive throaty voice of a Harley Davidson seemed to be slowing near me. In my sun-warmed stupor I couldn't seem to open my eyes to look even

when the ground seemed to shake under me. No sound now, I must have been dreaming that a Harley had stopped near me. I rolled over onto my back because the sun was starting to warm it too much, I would soon have a burn if I didn't protect my skin. The breeze played with my nipples, making them stand up, or was a gentle hand teasing my flesh into erection? My tits had always been very sensitive to the touch; the nipples often stand up almost an inch when I get excited and it felt as though they were that excited. The breeze seemed to be playing more games with me, my belly had goosebumps all over it, the tiny tingly kind. Despite my drowsiness I tried to snuggle further down into the warmth of the sheepskin, but the goosebumps just tingled more. This was starting to be a better dream than I'd had for years. My body seemed to be awakening to a pleasure that I'd never know, I still couldn't seem to force my eyes open. Somewhere I could hear the jingle of keys on a chain, just the faint clink, not the insistent jangle that keys swinging from a hip make. Am I alone? Am I dreaming? Reality refused to come into focus for me so I soon stopped searching for it, the dream felt too good to interrupt. Now the breeze was playing up and down my legs, tracing the large unicorn tattooed on one thigh, teasing my sensitive inner thighs until the same goosebumps seemed to tingle there. A warmth seemed to flow through my entire body, accompanied by those strange goosebumps and centering itself in the patch of curly red hair that grew so thick and even curled down my inner thighs. As the sensations grew it still felt like no man's touch had ever felt to me, so gentle yet so erotic, I could feel the growing dampness between my legs. Another faint clink of keys or was it a belt buckle? I couldn't tell, it all seemed too far away. Now the sun felt suddenly warmer on my skin and the breeze played with my throat and lips. I've never been so completely stimulated in reality or as turned on as I am now in my whole nineteen years. The breeze seemed to tease my nipples hard again and then my neck grew more goosebumps and then ohhh, back to my nipples. My whole body was one quivering mass of nerves. The sun felt hot between my thighs and I reached a climax like none I had ever know. Soon the only sensation was the breeze

playing with my long red hair and lightly tickling my skin. Somewhere in the far distance, I think that I heard the faint fading rumble of a Harley.

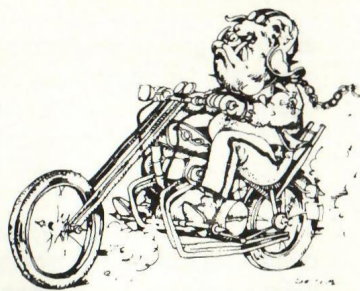
I woke and sat up like I'd been shot. I couldn't remember taking off my clothes except my T-shirt. I listened for the bike, but there was no sound. The sun hadn't faded soon enough because I was sunburnt from head to foot, legs belly even nipple were starting to turn bright red. "Baby, did I take these off?" The pretty black Super Glide sitting no more than five feet from my naked body just seemed to give me a secret smile as I picked up my carefully folded jeans with the keys hooked to the wallet chain.

As I put my clothes on, I tried to think of what had really happened to me. I didn't remember taking off my clothes, but they had been beside me when I awakened. I couldn't find any real evidence that there had been another bike there or anywhere near me. I searched for tire tracks or boot prints in a large circle around my little hill, but all I could find was a kickstand print that *seemed* to be weeks old. What a dream!

I did know one thing—all the cobwebs were gone. I had always been able to count on a solo ride into nowhere to help me make up my mind and then be able to stick with my decision. My watch told me that it was 6:30. I had just enough time to get back to Phoenix and put my plan into action before Rags would be home to try to stop me. As baby fired to life under me she gave me the same shiver up my spine that she always did as I let her idle even out. I felt carefree, too, as Baby climbed back onto the highway and we made tracks for Phoenix. I knew that I could pack all of my essentials on Baby, clean out the stash and my bank account and take anything that wouldn't fit on Baby to my aunt's house and be gone before Rags came home bringing his usual following of bros with him. He could clean up after that bunch of grubby, guzzling, grabby bros, it was his turn to make all their beer runs and munchy runs and he could be their nigger for a while, cuz I was through. If I could come that live in a dream (or had it been a dream? Would I ever really know unless I could find the man who had shared the dream with me)? I knew that Baby and I could find a reality that made the search worthwhile, and what better time to start that search than when the glow of that dream was still with me. □

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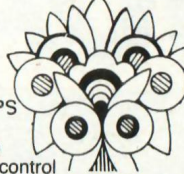
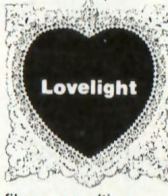
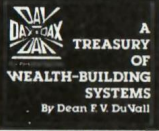
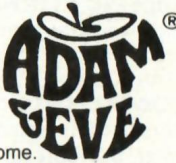
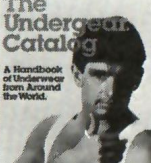
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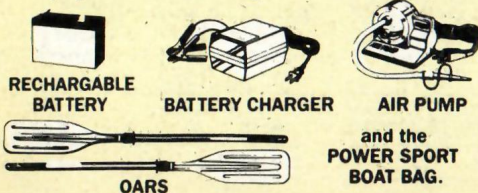


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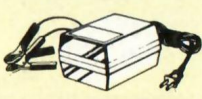
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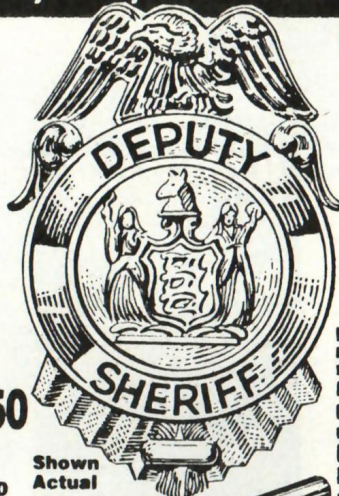
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☐ HOW TO GET GIRLS AND MAKE THEM LOVE YOU

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KILLERS

(continued from page 8)

actually put that motorcycle together for you. To some dealers and shop mechanics your machine is just another bike off the showroom floor, one of hundreds that pass through every year. That's not to say that they won't take good care of your pride and joy when you need something done, but just consider how the guy who puts a chopper together from square one is gonna have a much more intimate knowledge of the machine than some troubleshooting house wrench working a 9 to 5 gig.

Another point to ponder is the advantage of getting exactly what you want. That's what custom is all about. Why pay for something that just anybody off the street can ride home on? Unfortunately, there ain't no special license required to purchase a Harley, all ya need is cash, so you could conceivably find yourself at a stoplight with thirty wannabees all on the same model and color of bike as yours. Who's gonna know that you ain't one of em?

You want to personalize your ride and make it unique, and it makes perfect sense to get that done right from the start. The only limitation is your own imagination, and the great thing is that a custom motorcycle often costs the same or less than a stock one. Imagine getting a stronger motor, the paint scheme you always lusted after, and enough chrome to get ya home, all for a price cheaper than a stock factory sled. Makes me wish that I'd thought of all this five years ago when I bought my Stupor Glide.

With all of these advantages going for the custom scene, Richie has noted that, surprisingly, the trend seems to be leaning toward the stock motorcycle:

"When I was at the Harley Rendezvous last summer, all I saw were stock Harley swingarms. There were minor cosmetic modifications here and there, and I detected the presence of a stroker or two, but there didn't seem to be that many all out customs in attendance."

It could be that some riders are suspicious of choppers as being unsafe or unreliable. True, there are an infinite number of ways to build an unsafe motor, and some frame mods wind up as brittle as a pretzel, dumping you on your ass while the front end goes north and the rear end heads south. But these are defects in workmanship rather than an

intrinsic flaw in the basic design of a stretched, hardtail chopper. If you've got a motorcycle master like Richie buildin your bike you can be assured of getting a chopper of quality construction with just as much integrity built into it as a mass produced cycle. In fact, the handmade nature of custom work almost insures that the bike will be a higher quality product than a stock factory ride.

But apparently, as Richie noted, the pendulum currently favors the stock Harley.

"I used to build on the average, about twelve choppers a year," he says. "But lately, it's gone down to around two. I had a coupla wrenches working with me and had to let them go. There just wasn't enough full-time work to keep em busy. Now I handle the whole thing."

Richie does farm some work out, like chroming and headwork, but only to the recognized leaders in the field. Trock and Branch flow the heads (although they take a while) and Brown's Plating does most of the chrome. Both companies back their work to the max with no questions asked. Richie says to beware of shade tree flow work since he considers headwork and balancing to be the most critical factors in building high performance Harley motors. The precise angles involved in headwork have got to be right on or the bike will run worse than stock. Small wonder then that Harley riders in the New York area seek out Urchin Cycles when they want a dragon-slayer built.

Richie's jap-killer Harleys are evil motherfuckers, stripped down and stroked out for all out war on the Orient. He recalls the 96" Shovelhead FXR he built for one customer: "It was something to see, watching that big stroker motor sit in its rubber-mounted frame. It was shakin all over the place like it was alive. The guy who owned it was running stock pipes so it sounded like an ordinary bike, but all you had to do was to watch that engine dance to know that this was not a bike to fool around with."

Richie's own ride is this silver flame on black '74 Shovel which runs 86 cubes, sitting in a 1957 H-D frame that he'd been saving for the right bike. He's ridden the Shovel for the past three years, day in and day out, without a lick of trouble. The reason he prefers the hardtail's harsher ride is that it enables him "to feel in touch with the surface of the road," as opposed to the insulation from road conditions that a swingarm provides. Until recently, the only

swingarm bike that Richie had ever owned was his first bike, a KH Sportster. The other was a recent Low Rider which he built and rode briefly.

"I wish I still had that bike," Richie says. "Because it was really cherished out, the kind that you're worried about scratchin every time you ride it. If you saw it you'd want to put it in the magazine. I sold it after a few months of riding it. After so many years on rigids I thought I'd give the swingarm a try, but I still didn't like it. Guess I'll stick to hardtails."

Any bros in the New Rochelle area who possess petrified posteriors and would like to talk to Richie about a hardtail about a hardtail for their bike, can reach Urchin Cycles at 914-632-1365. He's been rollin classic iron for hardass riders out of his shop for the past twelve years. And one look at the scoots in this issue ought to be enough to convert the rest of us softtails.

□

VISION

(continued from page 33)

brand-new machine; a ragin, street-stompin fire-breather capable of hittin sub-light velocities. Not satisfied with a mere 93 inches, Big Mike had the evolution of the Harley accelerated to a scorching 106 inches with John at Mancuso Harley handling all the engine work.

That's a long way from the Cushman Eagle that Big Mike originally started out on, back when he was a slower movin blur. He's been ridin Harleys since '65 but this is definitely his fastest. The bike has been in its current bar blatin condition for about two years now, proving to be as dependable as it was when it was stock. Big Mike has no plans for further modifications on the former Fatbob. He's content with the stroker's performance and likes the subdued appearance of the stock lookin machine, blatin unsuspecting Jappers into atoms when they foolishly attempt to humble what they think is just another Harley chugger. The Fatbob hasn't had the heads off yet, despite its numerous jousts with the dragons from the east, a tribute to Mancuso Harley and the integrity of their aftermarket suppliers.

So take a good look at this bike while you can, cause if ya blink you're liable to miss it. Chances are you'll never see this sled on the street... at least not until it's too late. □



RHONDA JO PETTY
(IRON HORSE covergirl May 1985)



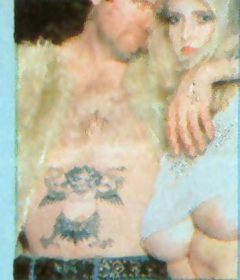
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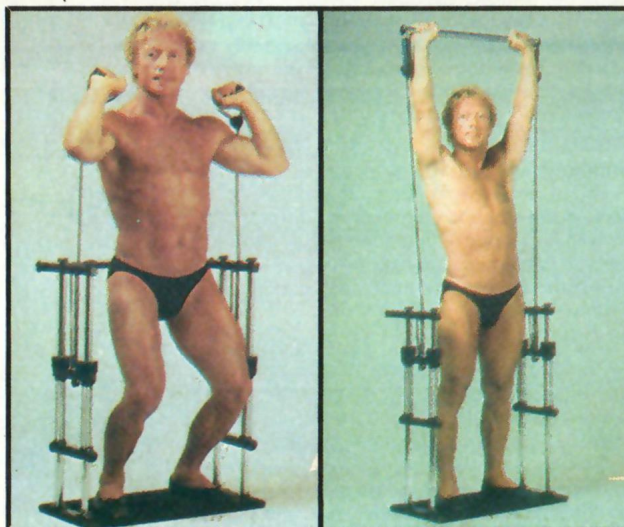
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		2	80/16 Firecrackers - Br. 1,280 pcs., Case 15,360 pcs.	11.00	100.00			36	Buzz Bombs Spin Up	8.00	80.00		
		3	40/50 Firecrackers - Br. 2,000 pcs., Case 16,000 pcs.	16.00	105.00			37	Two-Stage Silver Jet Spin Up - \$1.75 ea.	15.00	150.00		
		4	10/200 Black Cat - Br. 2,000 pcs., Case 16,000 pcs.	18.00	120.00			38	Two-Stage Space Jets (12 to pkg.)	3.00	30.00		
		5	40/12 Black Cat - Br. 480 pcs., Case 15,360 pcs.	5.75	110.00			39	Reconnaissance Planes (2 pkgs. of 6 to pkg. - \$3.95)	3.95	39.00		
		6	Lady Crackers - Br. 1,600 pcs.	10.00				40	Plane Flying at Night (12 to pkg.)	6.50	65.00		
		7	Jumping Jacks - Br. 576 pcs., Case 11,520 pcs.	10.00	180.00			41	Flying Disc or Satellite	1.95	20.00		
			Underwater Firecrackers	BOX	CASE			42	Large Missile - \$1.00 each	10.00			
		8	M-60 - works in water, Box 72 pcs., Case 1,440 pcs.	12.00	175.00			43	Giant Missile - \$1.50 each	15.00			
			Sky Rockets	DOZ.	GROSS				Smoke and Novelties	DOZ.	GROSS		
		9	Pop Bottle Rockets, report - 144-\$4.00, 3,600-\$75.00		4.00			44	Two Colored Smoke	1.50	15.00		
		10	Black Cat Bottle Rockets - 144-\$5.00, 3,600-\$90.00		5.00			45	Cherry Smoke Balls (assorted colors)	1.50	15.00		
		11	Whistling Moon Travelers - 144-\$7.95, 2,880-\$120.00		7.95			46	Small Tanks	5.50	60.00		
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		14	Wild Geese Rocket	6.00	60.00			49	Auto Foolers (whistle, smoke and bang)	5.00	50.00		
		15	Butterfly Rocket	6.00	60.00					PKG.	DZ PKG		
		16	Parachute Rocket with Flare	6.00	60.00			50	Red Rat Chasers (144 to pkg.)	7.00	70.00		
		17	4 oz. Skyrocket w/Stars or Report	8.00	80.00			51	Party Snappers (50 to pkg.)	.75	7.50		
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			Night Display Shells	EACH	DOZ.			54	Whistling Jacks (24 pcs. to pkg.)	1.00	10.00		
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		30	96 shot Colored Pearl	8.00	80.00				Roman Candles	DOZ.	GROSS		
		31	48 shot Colored Pearl	3.50	35.00			63	Roman Candle - 5 shot	4.50	50.00		
		32	Box of 12 Festival Balls	12.00	120.00			64	Roman Candle - 8 shot	6.00	60.00		
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		35	Marching Cicada (61 4-inch firing tubes)	15.95	159.95			66	Mad Hornet Assortment Box - \$30.00 value	20.00	200.00		
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MADE FOR EACH OTHER

Bikes May Come And Go, But A '51 Pan Is Forever

Canadian Ray began his riding days on the frozen backroads of our neighbor to the North. At the ripe young age of seventeen he assumed that it was the normal lot of motorcyclists everywhere to ride around with blue lips, a severe case of frostballs, and a body temperature lower than the Refrigerator's I.Q. Imagine those same blue lips however, widening into a sun-drenched smile the size of the Grand Canyon upon his relocation to the golden deserts of Tucson, Arizona, where the only slick spots in the road come from squashed jackrabbits and gila monster shit. Ice is something ya buy at the nearest 7-11 on those 75-degree January days.

Anyhow, Canadian Ray has been soaking up all that Arizona sun for the past ten years now, and puttin around on this clean Panhead for the last six. Up north he started out on a 650 Bonnie, movin on to a Norton, a coupla jappers, and a Sporty. He always wanted a Pan though, and kept his eye out for one when he got to the Southwest. He came across a few, but none of em seemed right, until the day he got a call from a bro up in San Francisco. The perfect Pan for Canadian Ray had been found...

"The bike was a big time rat, unmodified, but very loose. My friend listened to the motor and figured the internals were worth the asking price and then he called me. What decided the whole deal for me was the fact that the bike was originally registered in February 1951, the same month and year of my birth. I flew up from Phoenix with the cash."

Photos by W/W



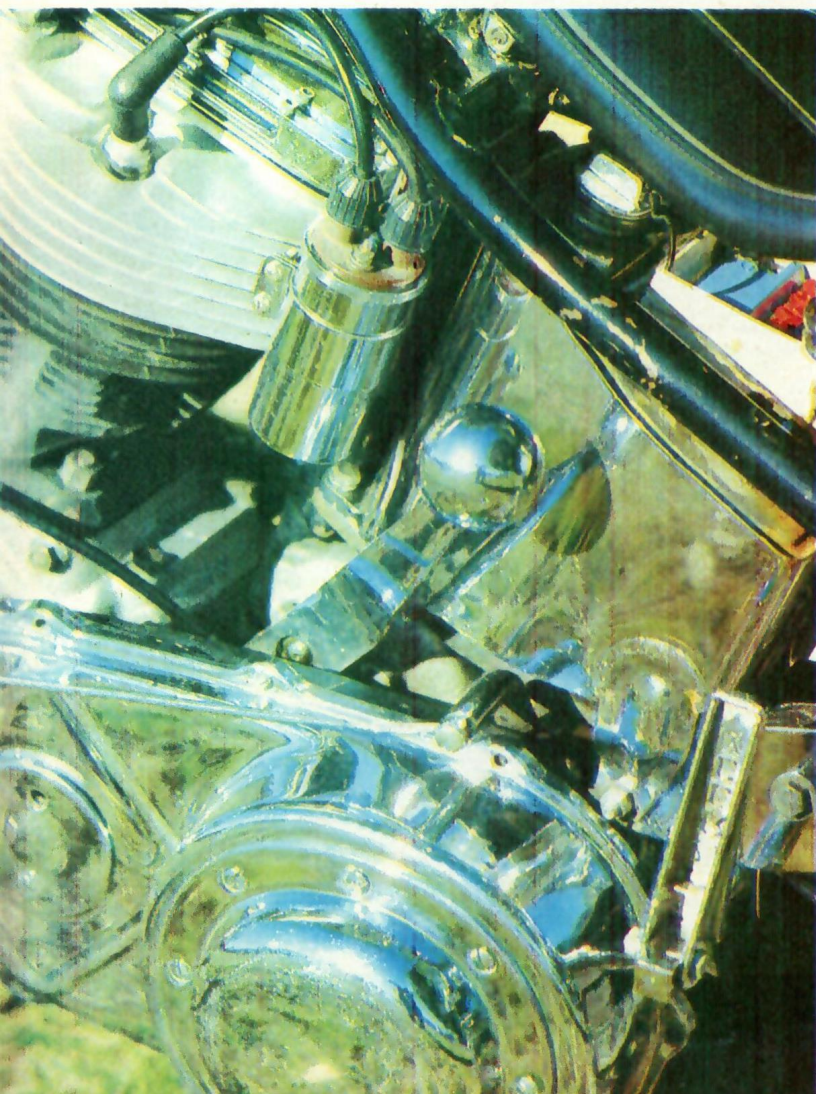




Ray says that his Pan of destiny was just about on its last legs when he rescued it. "My bro had to follow me around in his truck, picking up pieces that fell off the bike when I first rode it."

He took what pieces there were that could be salvaged and brought new life to em, embarking on a continuous six-year process of refinement that is nearly complete, except for a few minor cosmetic details—and maybe a front brake, "for the hills." Canadian Ray's silver Pan is finally approaching his concept of the ideal.





Tech Sheet

Owner: Canadian Ray
City: Tucson, AZ

General

Fabrication by: Owner
Year and make: 1951 Harley
Model: Panhead
Value: Priceless
Assembly by: Owner
Chroming by: American Plating, Phoenix

Engine

Year: 1951
Model: FL
Rebuilder: Max Motor Works
Ignition: Battery/coil
Displacement: 74 cid
Lower end: Max Motor Works
Balancing: Max Motor Works
Pistons: .040
Cases: Stock
Heads: Ported, polished, Shovel intake/exhaust
Cam(s): 425 Andrews
Lifters: Solids
Carb(s): 38mm Mikuni
Air Cleaner: Mikuni
Pipes: 36 in. gooseneck drags
Muffler: NoD

Frame

Year: 1951
Builder: H-D
Type: Wishbone
Rake: Stock
Stretch: None
Other Alterations: None

Accessories

Bars: Drag
Risers: 6" dogbone
Fenders: Fatbob rear
Headlight(s): Bates
Taillight: Aftermarket
Speedo: Aftermarket
Front pegs: Aftermarket
Rear pegs: Aftermarket
Electrics: 12 volt by owner
Gas tank: 3.5 gal fatbobs
Oil tank: Wraparound
Oil system: Stock
Primary cover: Chrome H-D
Seat: Solo; 3" springs

Tranny

Modifications: None
Year: 1951
Shifting: Jockey/suicide clutch

Painting

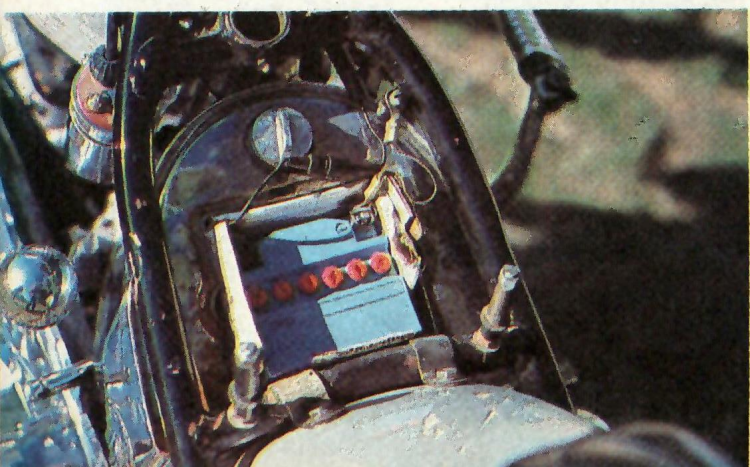
Molding: None
Painter: Bruce
Color: Silver
Type: Imron
Special paint: None

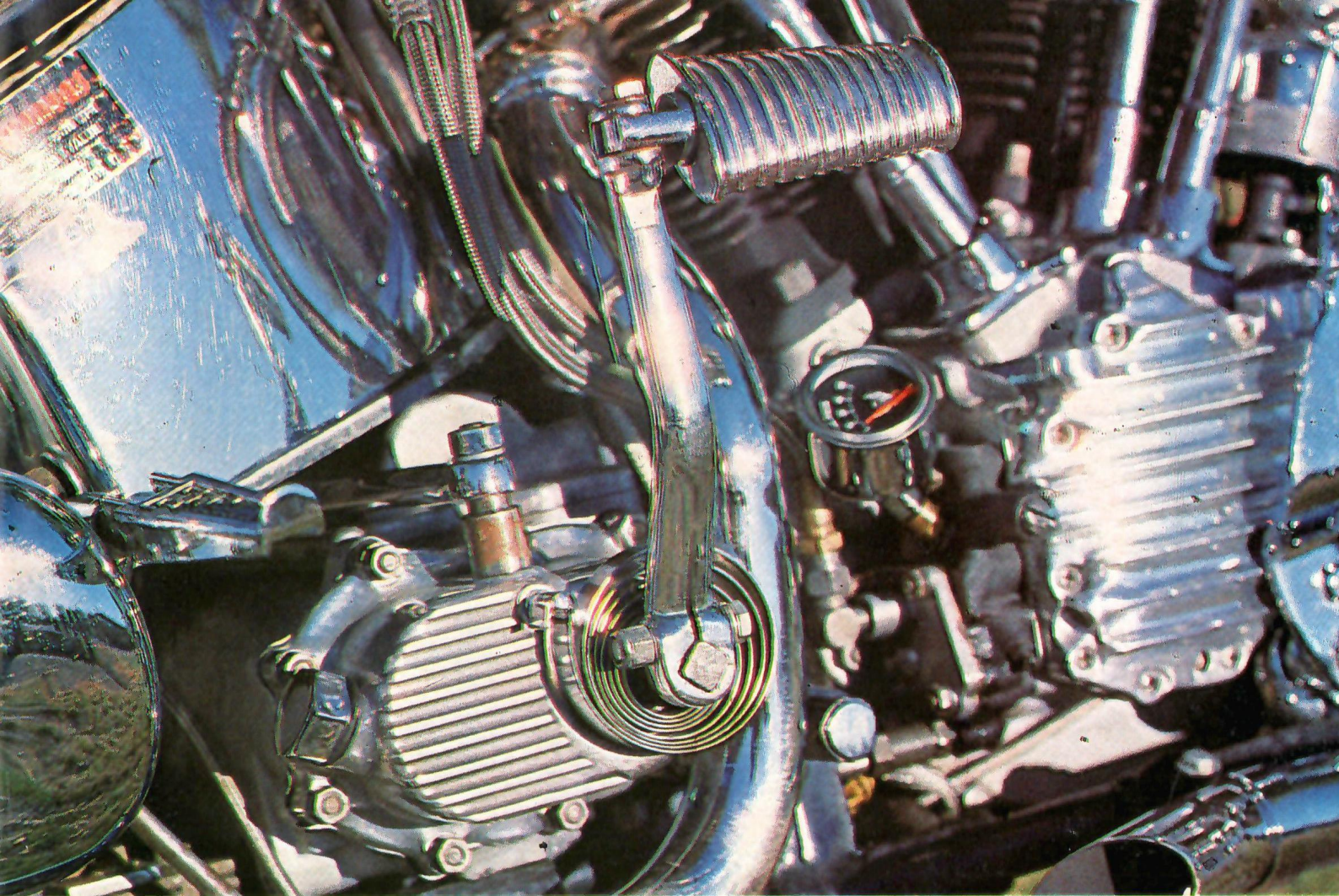
Forks

Type: Springer 45
Extension: 4" over
Builder: H-D
Special features: Chromed

Wheels

Front wheel size: 19" Invader mag
Rear wheel size: 15" Invader mag
Front hub: Invader
Rear hub: Invader
Front tire: Goodyear
Rear tire: Jap
Front brake: None
Rear brake: Juice





"I want to keep the motor stock, the way it was when it left the factory. The bike's a classic and if I want a stroker I'll just get another engine. I'd still like to powder coat the frame and put some chrome nuts and bolts on, but that's about it."

Would Ray ever consider parting with the ride that shares his birthday? Dumb question.

"No way. Other bikes may come and go, but this one's here for good. This one's a keeper." □

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